



So...



YOU'VE
DECIDED
TO COME
BACK...



WELL, I
NEVER THOUGHT
YOU LOOKED
VERY SMART...



ENTERTAINING,
THOUGH... YES.



SO, DID YOU LIKE THE STORY
ABOUT THE ANGEL AND HER AXE-
TOY? WHAT ABOUT THE LATEST
STORY ABOUT THE BOMB VICTIMS?



OR HOW ABOUT THE ONE
ABOUT THAT FLIGHTY
NURSE WHO TRIED TO KILL
HERSELF?



YOU KNOW, THE ONLY
REASON SHE EVEN GOT A
SECOND CHANCE WAS BECAUSE
SHE REMINDED OUR FRIEND JACK OF
THAT ANGEL HE TRIED TO CHOKE
AND HE FELT GUILTY.



THAT'S ALL YET TO HAPPEN
FOR ME. IT MUST BE
NICE LIVING IN THE
FUTURE...

AH, THERE YOU ARE. NOW,
AS I WAS SAYING MONDAY...



IT MUST BE WONDERFUL
LIVING IN THE FUTURE...



FOR EXAMPLE, MONSTERS OF
HELL THAT ARE INCAPACITATED
IN YOUR TIME ARE STILL
FREE IN MINE.



AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S
THAT MAGIC WINDOW THAT YOU'RE
LOOKING AT ME THROUGH. WHAT
A WONDERFUL THING IT IS.



I HEAR
WWW.HPLOHP.MOC/SDRAWKCAB
IS ALSO RATHER GOOD.



OH! BUT YOU'RE
ALL PROBABLY FIXATED
ON THIS, AREN'T YOU?
PRETTY, ISN'T IT?



...IT HAS A
HORRIBLE ENDING.



BUT! I'LL READ TO
YOU FROM IT ANYWAY, IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.



ER... IT SEEMS WE'VE HIT
THE BOTTOM-RIGHT CORNER, SO
LET'S BEGIN. WE WILL START
WITH "THE RETURN".
... THAT IS, AFTER YOU "RETURN"
YOURSELVES...



NOW ENTERING
MILLER HILL

THIS IS A LEVEL
4
SECURITY ZONE

AH, DOCTOR
VOLPE.

THE GATE
GUARDS GIVE
YOU ANY TROUBLE?

NO, NO,
NOT AT ALL.

YOUR WIFE
HAS ALREADY
SHOWN UP.

OH, I KNOW.
SHE SEEMS
EVEN MORE
EXCITED ABOUT
THIS THAN
EVEN I
AM...

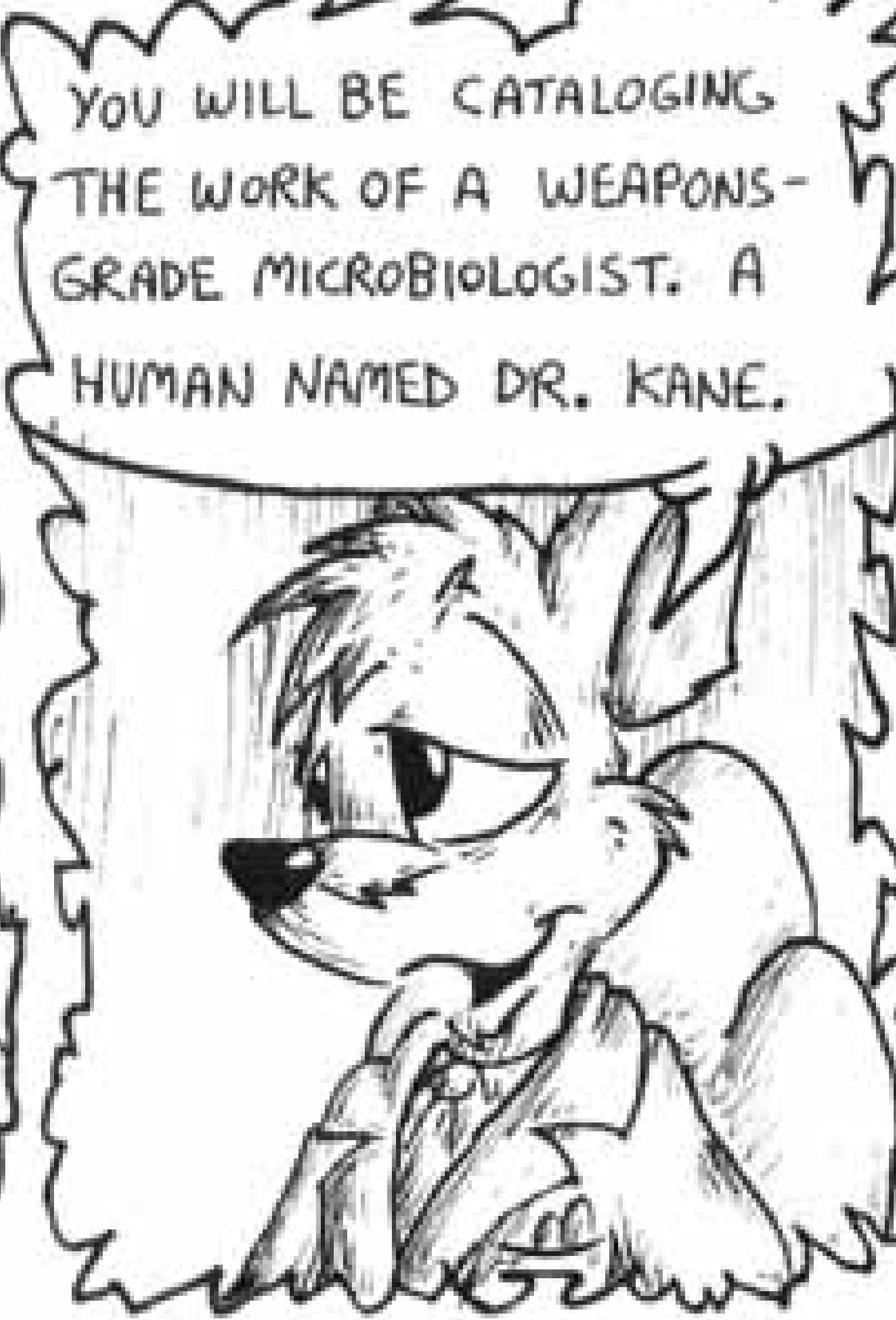
WE DONT
WANT TO
REMEMBER
~JACK
#0

WELL,
FANTASTIC!



DIRECTOR
KAJOTE

LET ME TELL YOU
A BIT ABOUT THIS
PLACE.



"WEAPONS-GRADE
MICROBIOLOGIST"?



WILD-STUFF, HUH?
LET'S GO MEET UP
WITH YOUR WIFE.
SHE'S PRESENTLY
IN YOUR
QUARTERS.



EMMA?



DARLING.



HELLO,
EMMA.

HELLO,
MR. KAJOTE.



I'M DONE HERE.
LET'S GET A LOOK
AT THIS DR. KANE'S
LABORATORY, WHAT
DO YOU SAY,
MEN?



FOLLOW ME.





EVERYTHING'S AS WE ORIGINALLY
FOUND IT THREE MONTHS AGO,
RIGHT DOWN TO THE DUST.



WHATCHA GOT THERE
EMMA?

DUSTY OLD
BOOK—
MARY SHELLEY.



THERE'S A LOT HERE TO
GO THROUGH.

YES,
WELL



YOU'RE FREE TO TAKE ALL
THE TIME YOU NEED.



LET ME KNOW IF
YOU FIND ANYTHING
NOTEWORTHY.



OKAY, SO IN ONE MONTH OF RESEARCH, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE WORK OF DR. KANE?



SOME REALLY EXCITING STUFF. I THINK YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED.



ALL RIGHT, THEN. IMPRESS AWAY.



WELL, MOST OF HIS WORK IS WRITTEN IN CODE THAT RESEMBLES EARLY VORSH WRITING WHICH, IN ITSELF IS A CURIOUS ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.



SOME OF HIS GROUP'S DEVELOPED WORKS INCLUDE METALAZONIC SACS AND PHOTSENSITIVE GENES FOR SINGLE-CELLED ORGANISMS.



I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT ANY OF THAT CRAP MEANS.



'WEAPONS-GRADE MICROBIOLOGY,' REMEMBER? OKAY... A METALAZONIC SAC IS LIKE A BATTERY FOR A VIRUS. ONCE IT RUNS DOWN, THE VIRUS DIES, SO YOU COULD TIME WHEN IT WOULD BE SAFE TO INSERT TROOPS AFTER ITS RELEASE.



SAY YOU WANTED YOUR KILLER VIRUS TO HIT A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE AT ONCE... YOU COULD AIR-DROP IT AT NIGHT AND WHEN THE SUN CAME UP, THE PHOTSENSITIVE GENE INSIDE THE DORMANT VIRII WOULD MAKE YOUR PLAGUE ACTIVE



FUN STUFF. I FEEL ANOTHER GRANT COMING. WHAT ELSE?



WELL, DURING THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS, DR. KANE WORKED HERE, HE BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE STUDY OF "IMMORTALITY".



KANE HYPOTHESIZED THAT THE FIRST STEP WAS GETTING THAT PESKY DEATH THING OVER AND DONE WITH.



...TELL ME YOU'RE KIDDING

NO. KANE DIDN'T LIKE TO USE THE WORD "SOUL" BUT HE TALKS ABOUT A CERTAIN "LIFE FORCE" IN ALL LIVING CREATURES WHICH WAS FAR TOO FLIMSY TO KEEP US GOING FOR LONG. HENCE WHY DEAD PEOPLE CAN'T BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.



YEAH, HE SAID OUR LIFE FORCE ISN'T VERY WELL-SET IN US AND SO OBVIOUSLY THE ANSWER IS TO REMOVE IT AND THEN PROPERLY SET IT BACK INTO THE BODY, STRONGER THAN BEFORE.



HOW?



KANE GIVES A DETAILED EXPLANATION OF A MACHINE THAT WORKS IN CONJUNCTION WITH MICRO-BIOLOGICAL ELEMENTS.



OF COURSE, THE PATIENT HAS TO DIE BEFORE THE PROCEDURE CAN BE PERFORMED.



WITH HIS NOTES AND RESEARCH... COULD THIS MACHINE BE BUILT?



POSSIBLY.

DO IT.



HOW'S IT COMING, GUYS?
ALMOST DONE?

CALM YOURSELF. IT'S
ONLY BEEN A FEW
WEEKS.

THINK IT'LL WORK
WHEN IT IS?

ONLY ONE WAY
TO FIND OUT.

CARE TO
VOLUNTEER?


TEMPTING, BUT I'LL HAVE
TO PASS. HOW MUCH
LONGER, THOUGH?

CONSTRUCTION SHOULD
BE DONE TONIGHT. BUT
AS FOR TESTING IT,
I DON'T THINK ITS
EVEN ETHICALLY
POS-

POSSI — POSSS—

EMMA?


EMMA!




OKAY,
SIR, YOU'RE
CLEAN.




VOLPE! YOUR HELMET!




IT'S ALL RIGHT.
IT'S NOT AIRBORNE




WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HER?




IT'S ONE OF KANE'S
VIRUSES...




WE KNEW THE MACHINE GAVE LIFE
AND WE KNEW ITS DESIGN WAS MEANT
TO RESTORE THE RECENTLY DECEASED.
WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW IT ALSO HANDLED
THE KILLING. EMMA HANDLED THE BIOLOGICAL
ASPECTS OF THE CONSTRUCTION...




I... I GUESS THIS MAKES
SENSE SINCE RESURRECTION
NEEDS TO HAPPEN AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE FOLLOWING
DEATH.



THE VIRUS PRESERVES
EVERYTHING AS IT KILLS.
NO DAMAGE FOR A PERFECT
REVIVAL.



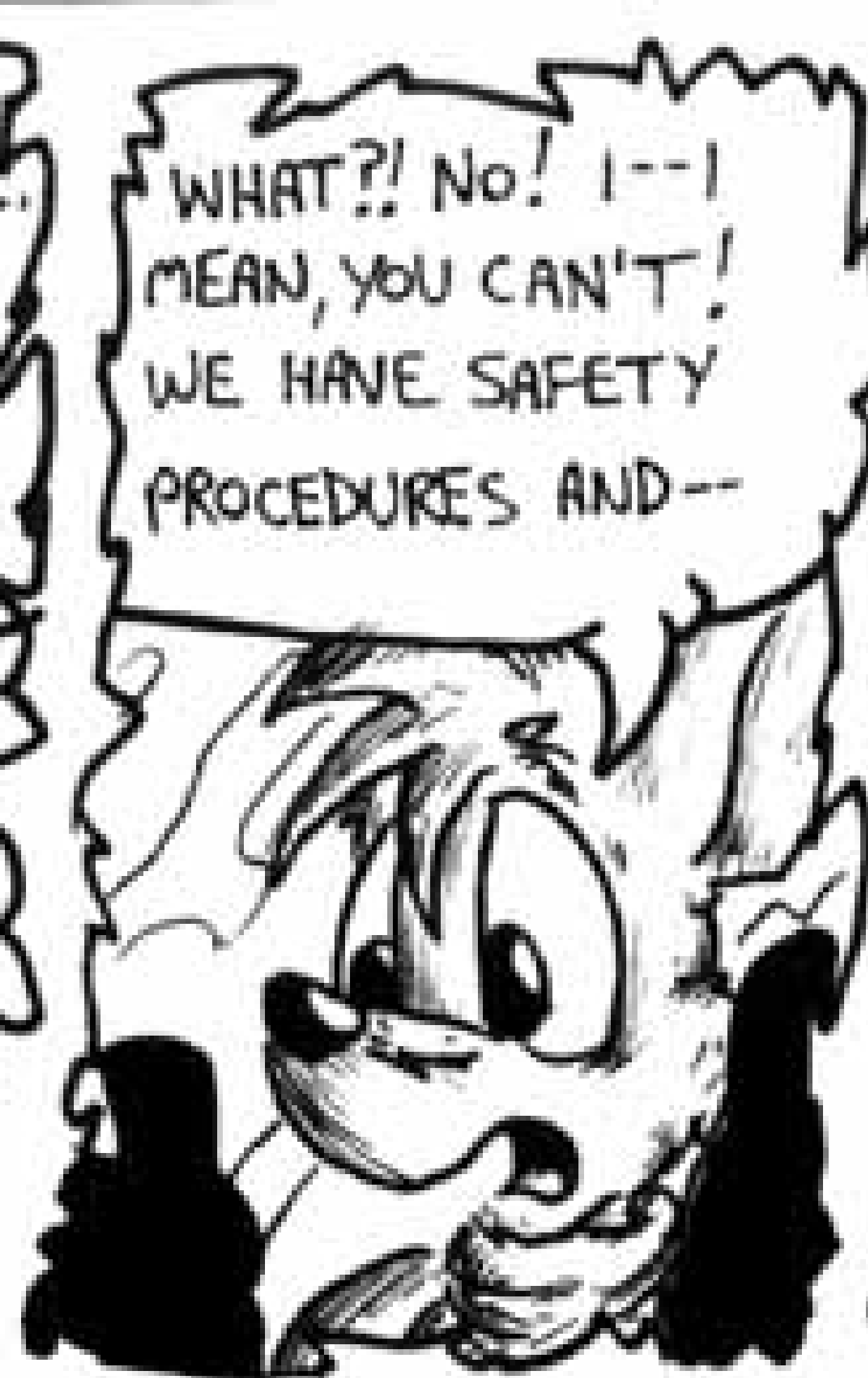
EMMA SOMEHOW
EXPOSED HER-
SELF TO
THIS?



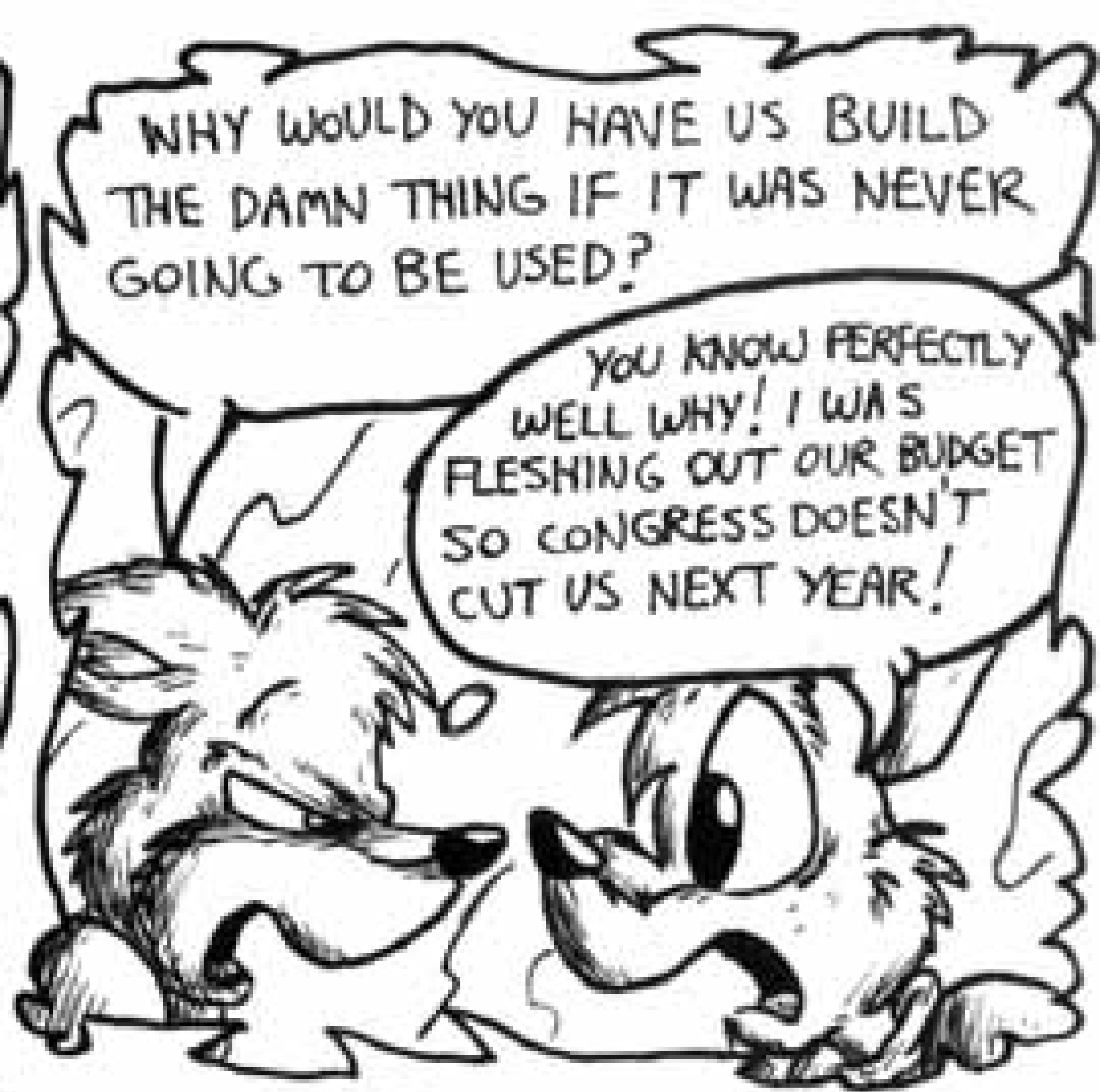
....SHE'LL BE
DEAD IN A COUPLE
OF HOURS.



WHEN SHE GOES...
I'M USING THE
MACHINE. DON'T
TRY AND STOP
ME, KAJOTE.



WHAT?! NO! I--I
MEAN, YOU CAN'T!
WE HAVE SAFETY
PROCEDURES AND--



WHY WOULD YOU HAVE US BUILD
THE DAMN THING IF IT WAS NEVER
GOING TO BE USED?

YOU KNOW PERFECTLY
WELL WHY! I WAS
FLESHING OUT OUR BUDGET
SO CONGRESS DOESN'T
CUT US NEXT YEAR!



NNG, CHRIST...



LOOK, HOW DO WE
KNOW SHE WON'T
JUST RECOVER?



FROM A DESIGNER
VIRUS WITH NO
MEDICAL RECORD AND
A CREATOR WHO IS
CENTURIES-DEAD?
I'M NOT HOLDING
MY BREATH.



NO. ITS TOO MUCH
RISK. WE COULD
LOSE OUR FUNDING.
THEY COULD SHUT
US DOWN. MAYBE
EVEN PUT US IN
JAIL!



LET ME
ASK YOU...

THOSE
POLITICIANS



HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THEY'LL
GRANT YOUR BUDGET IF YOU GIVE THEM
EVIDENCE YOU HAVE A MACHINE THAT
COULD MAKE THEM LIVE FOREVER?

CAREFUL WITH
HER...

I DON'T BELIEVE I
LET YOU TALK ME
INTO THIS....

LET ME GET IT STARTED
UP. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN
IT'S READY...

OKAY, NOW. PUSH HER IN.

I GUESS... WE'LL
KNOW IN A FEW
HOURS...



NOW SEEMS LIKE A
GOOD PLACE TO PAUSE
FOR A BIT.



UPSET? AWW, WELL TOO
BAD! YOU'RE NOT THE ONE
TELLING THE STORY NOW,
ARE YOU?



HMM... WHAT TO DO, WHAT
TO DO...?



I SUPPOSE I COULD JUST
WASTE YOUR TIME UNTIL NEXT
MONDAY...



HOW ABOUT A RIDDLE
AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE?
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER
TO DO...



IF "A" IS TWO, AND "B" IS
THREE, AND "F" IS EIGHT...



THINK ON IT AND
GET BACK WITH ME!



...HOW HIGH MUST
YOU COUNT TO
GET TO HEAVEN?



SEE YOU
FRIDAY!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HER?

I DON'T
KNOW...

MAYBE ITS
JUST SHOCK FROM
THE PROCEDURE.
I HOPE THAT'S
ALL...

I'M GONNA SEE IF I
CAN GET SOME DINNER
INTO HER. MAYBE I
CAN GET HER
TALKING...

HEY, EMMA...

I BROUGHT
YOU SOMETHING
TO EAT

I HOPE
YOU'RE FEELING
BETTER.

LISTEN, I KNOW NO ONE CAN
UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH, BUT I WANT TO
TRY.

EMMA, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU
BACK.

I WAS SO SCARED
WHEN YOU DIED...
I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU.

EMMA, PLEASE TALK
TO ME...



AH, MR. VOLPE! COME ON IN.



SIT DOWN, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO HEAR THE GOOD NEWS.



CONGRESS HAS GRANTED OUR ENTIRE BUDGET. EVERYTHING!

OH.



...WHY ARE YOU FEEING ON MY PARADE?



EMMA WANTS TO GO HOME. ITS ALL SHE TALKS ABOUT. SO... I THINK MAYBE IT'D BE BEST IF —



NO! DON'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU'RE MY LEADING EXPERT ON THIS PROJECT AND EMMA IS MY PROOF IT WORKS!



LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH HELP. THE NEW GUYS DON'T EVEN NEED ME.



YOU DO REMEMBER THAT A LITTLE LESS THAN TWO MONTHS AGO, YOUR RESURRECTED WIFE THREATENED TO STAB YOU TO DEATH...?



I CAN HANDLE HER. AND IF YOU STILL HAVE ISSUES WITH US LEAVING, I'VE GOT AN EMAIL DRAFTED AND READY TO SEND TO A FRIEND AT K-PET NEWS. THEY'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT WHAT'S GONE ON DOWN HERE.



WELL, SINCE YOU ASKED SO NICELY, WHAT MORE CAN I SAY EXCEPT THAT I HOPE YOUR DRIVE HOME IS PLEASANT?



BY THE WAY, IF THAT
EMAIL SHOULD EVER HAPPEN
TO GET OUT, THINGS COULD
GET UGLY AROUND HERE.

AND THEN WE'LL PUT TWO
IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.

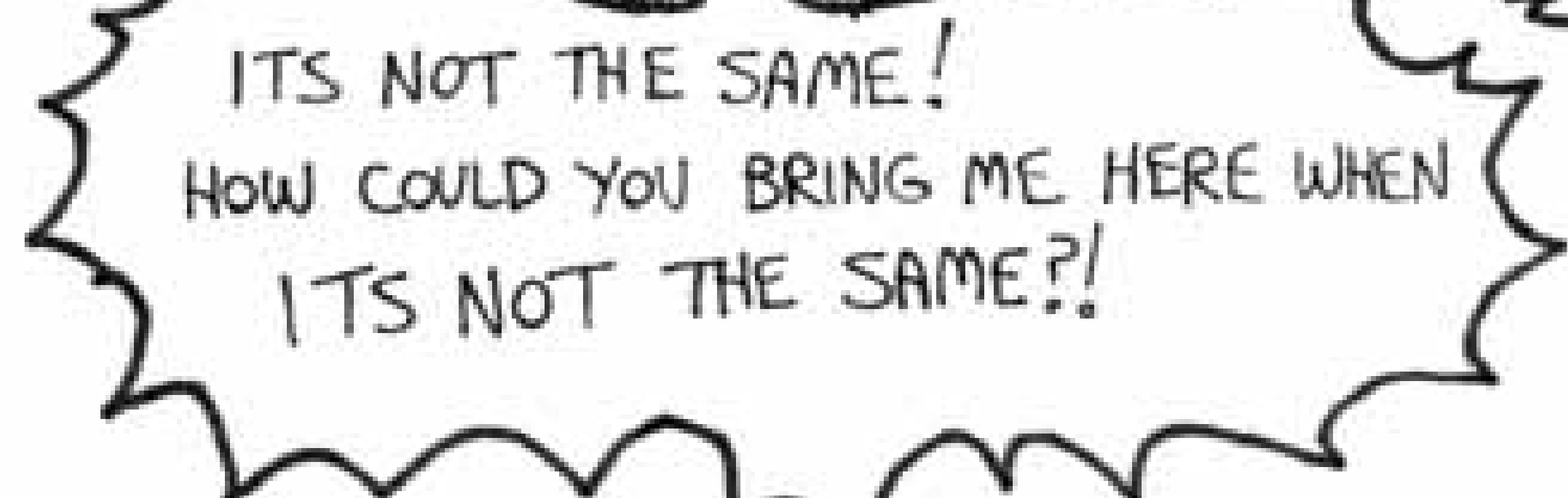
Hmm? I DIDN'T
SAY ANYTHING...

WHAT? YOU'LL CRY OVER YOUR
PRECIOUS GRANT BEING
COMPROMISED?

WHAT?

ALMOST THERE,
EMMA.

ONE LAST
HALLWAY.





ITS JUST LIKE WHAT MY
FATHER TOLD HIS CONGREGATION...



ITS NOT A LAKE OF
FIRE WITH LITTLE RED IMPS
TORMENTING PEOPLE WITH
PITCHFORKS...



ITS DIFFERENT FOR
US ALL. HOW YOU SINNED
IN LIFE IS HOW IT
TORMENTS YOU. ISN'T
THAT SCARY?



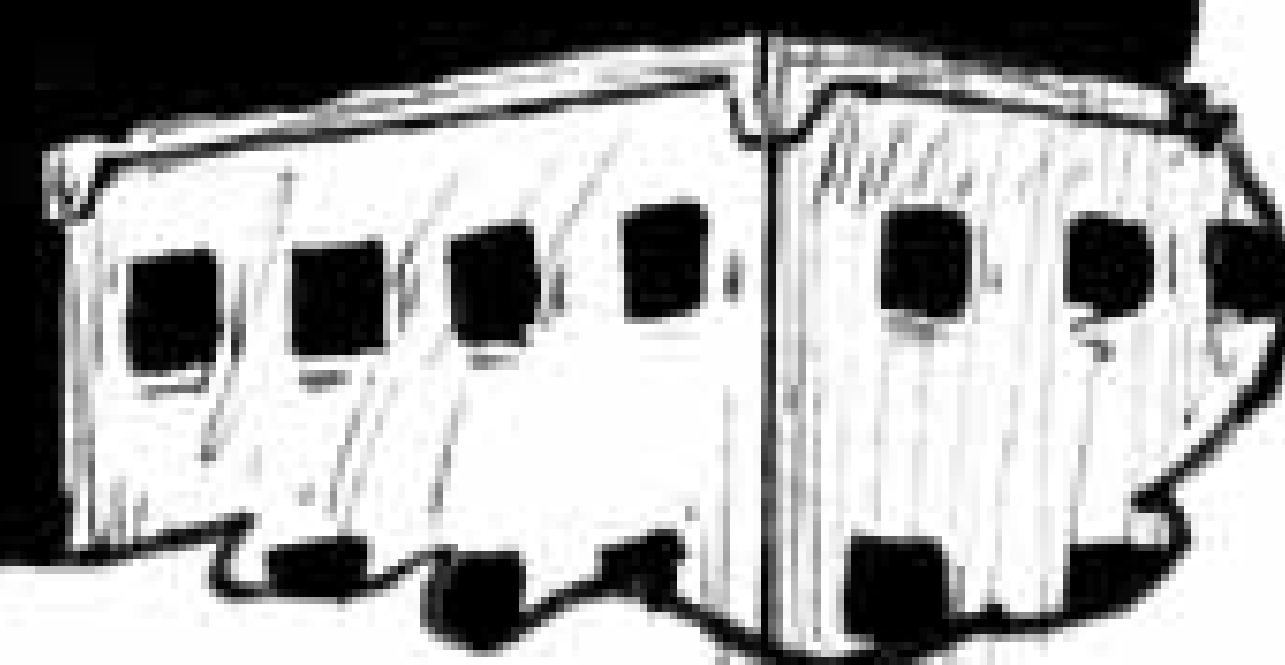
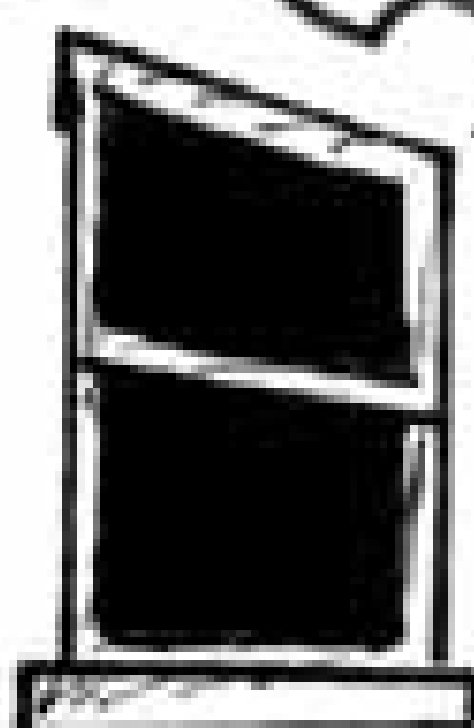
IN HELL... DID YOU KNOW THEY HAVE A VALLEY?
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF SOULS FUSED TOGETHER IN A
MASS OF FLESH, ALL OF THEM SCREAMING AND WRITHING,
TRYING TO GET FREE.

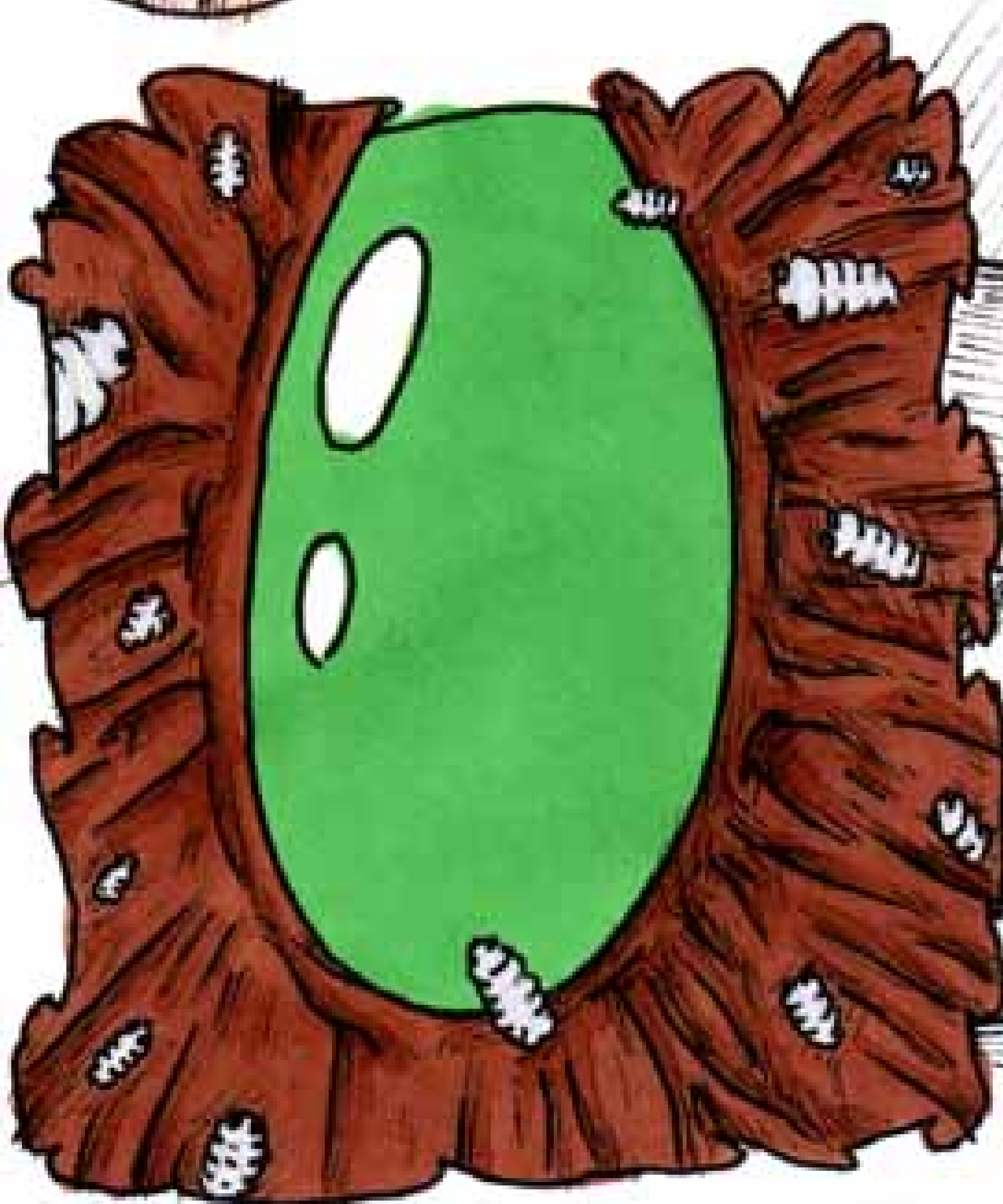
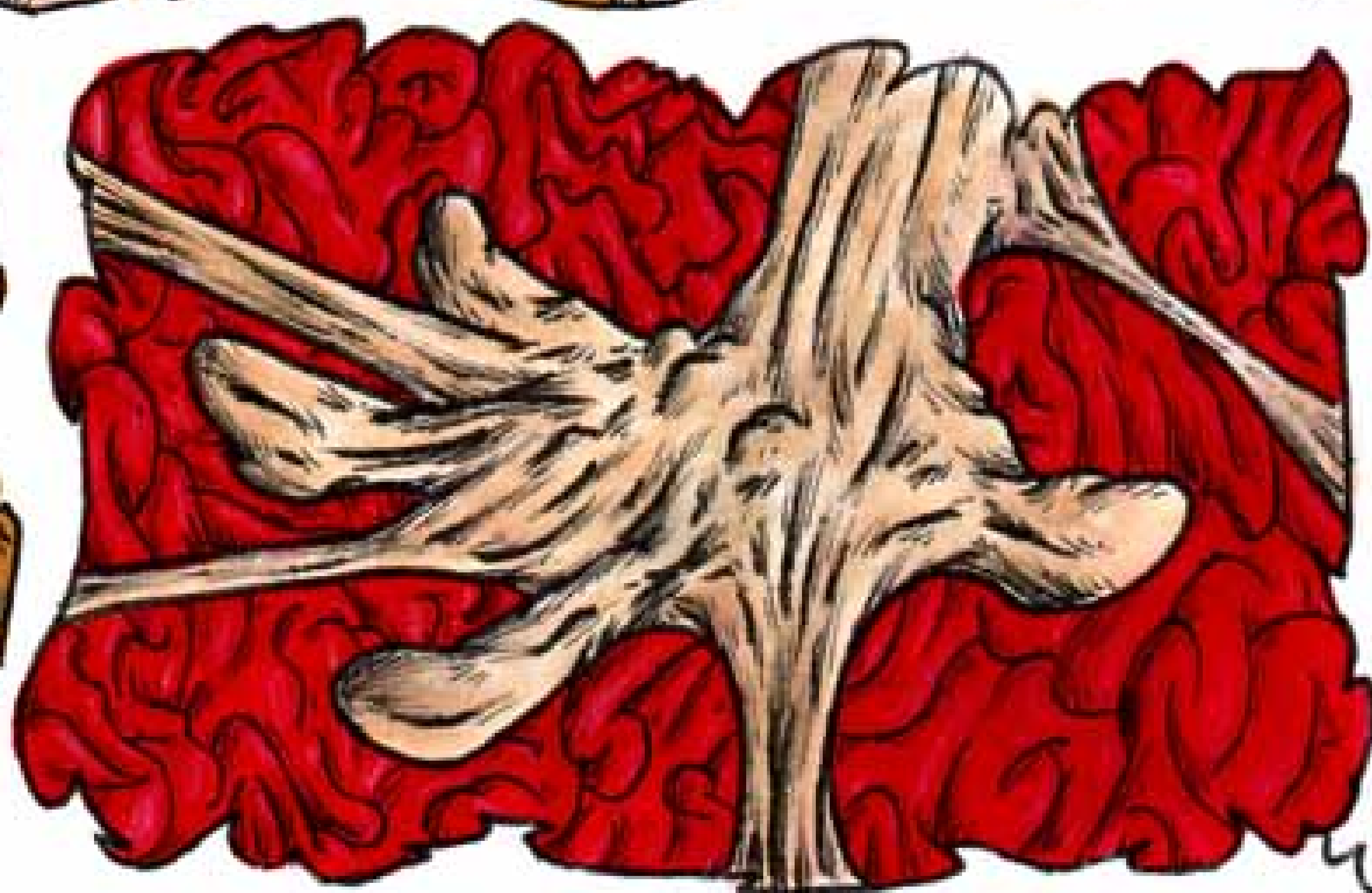
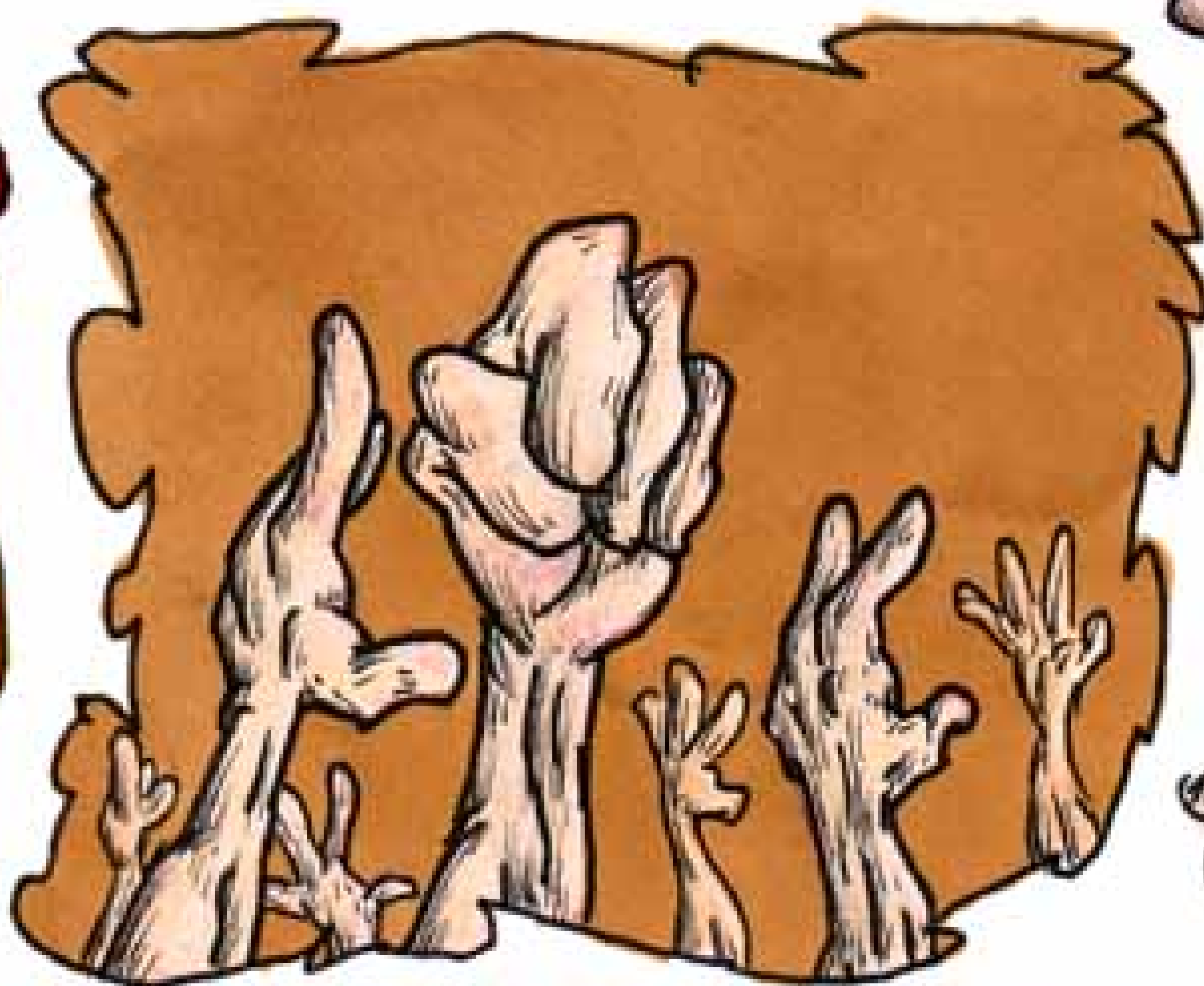


.....WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
YOU MEAN, YOU WENT T-



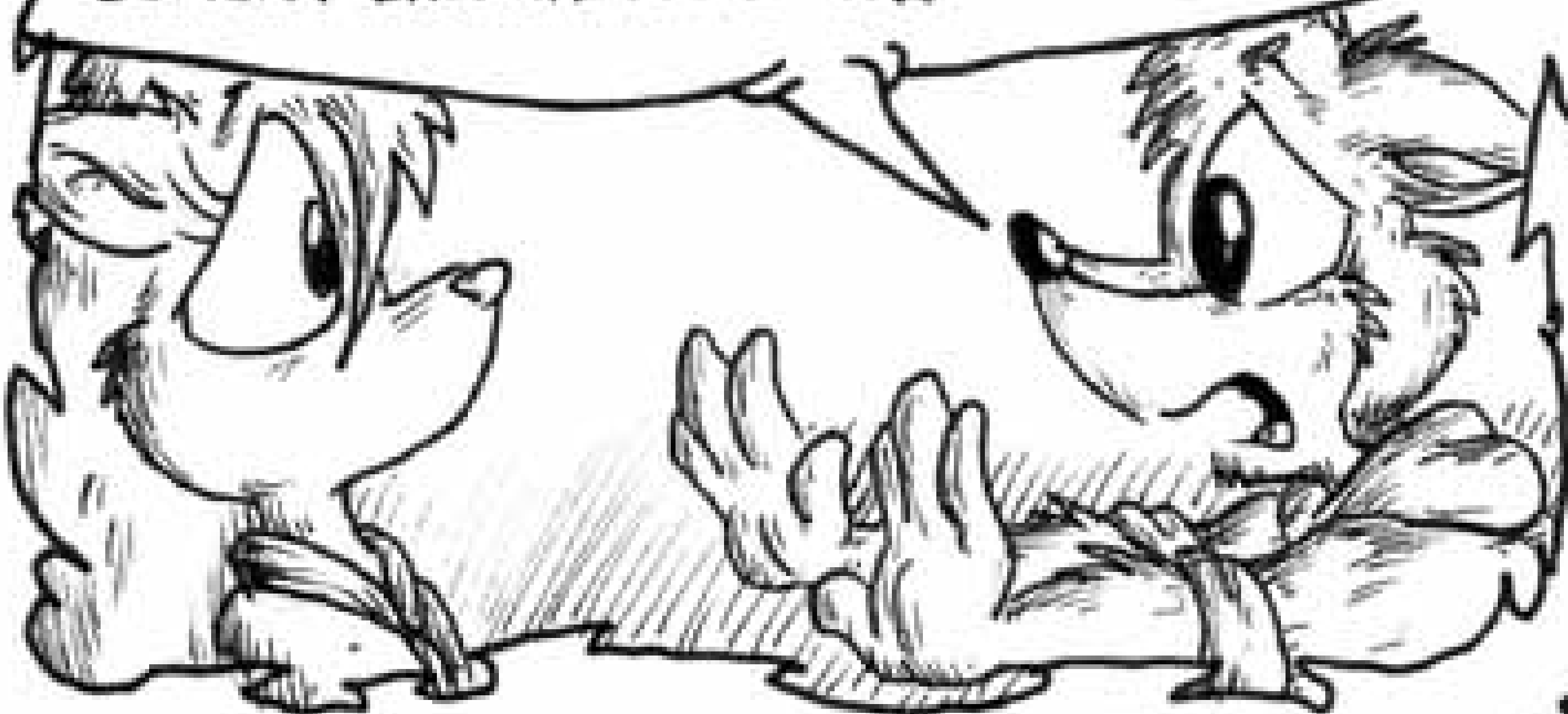
PLEASE... I'M
SO TIRED...







EMMA, STOP! I BELIEVE YOU! HELL MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE, BUT DOESN'T THAT MAKE IT ALL THE BETTER I BROUGHT YOU BACK?!



WHATEVER HAPPENS FROM NOW ON, WE CAN SURVIVE IT TOGETHER.



MARIAN APOLOGIZED TO ME AND TOLD ME ABOUT HER HELL BECAUSE SHE FELT IT WOULD HELP HER FIND REDEMPTION. I HOPE IT DOES...



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? LOVE, I NEVER WENT TO HELL...



I WENT TO HEAVEN.



EMMA...!



DON'T!!





OH, EMMA...
WHY?
WHY...?!



IF I COULD MAKE YOU
FEEL THE WAY I DID
WHEN I WAS THERE...
YOU'D KNOW. I HAVE
TO GO BACK, HUN.
I CAN'T STAY.

THERE ARE NO
WORDS OR THOUGHTS
TO DESCRIBE TO YOU
HOW HEAVEN FEELS.

EVERYONE'S HEAVEN IS DIFFERENT
BUT MINE WAS THIS APARTMENT.
BACK WHEN I WAS WORKING AT HOME
ONLINE AND YOU CAME HOME EVERY
DAY HAPPY AND CONVINCED YOUR WORK
WAS IMPORTANT AND HELPFUL.



AND SOMEHOW YOU MANAGED TO
NOT FEEL THE NEED TO LIE TO ME AND
SCREW AROUND BEHIND MY BACK WITH
MARIAN.

I'M GOING BACK THERE
NOW. BACK TO MY HOME.

I WANT YOU TO
MEET ME THERE
SOMEDAY.

I WILL.

JUST MAKE ME
ONE LAST PROMISE...
IF YOU LOVE ME...

...DON'T BRING ME
BACK.





So...



DID YOU LIKE
MY LITTLE STORY?



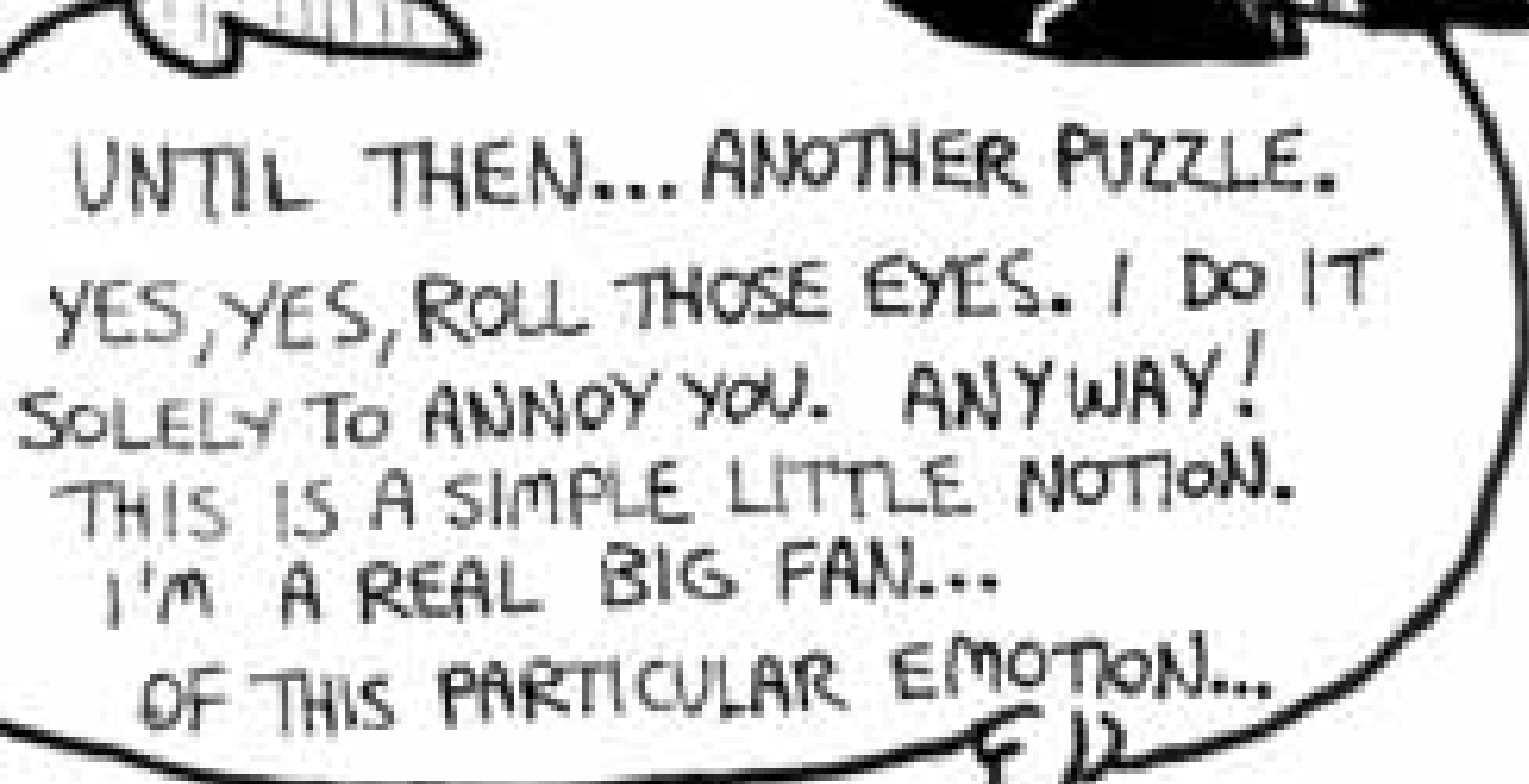
THERE'S ANOTHER IN HERE,
YOU KNOW. IF YOU LIKE, I COULD
SHARE...



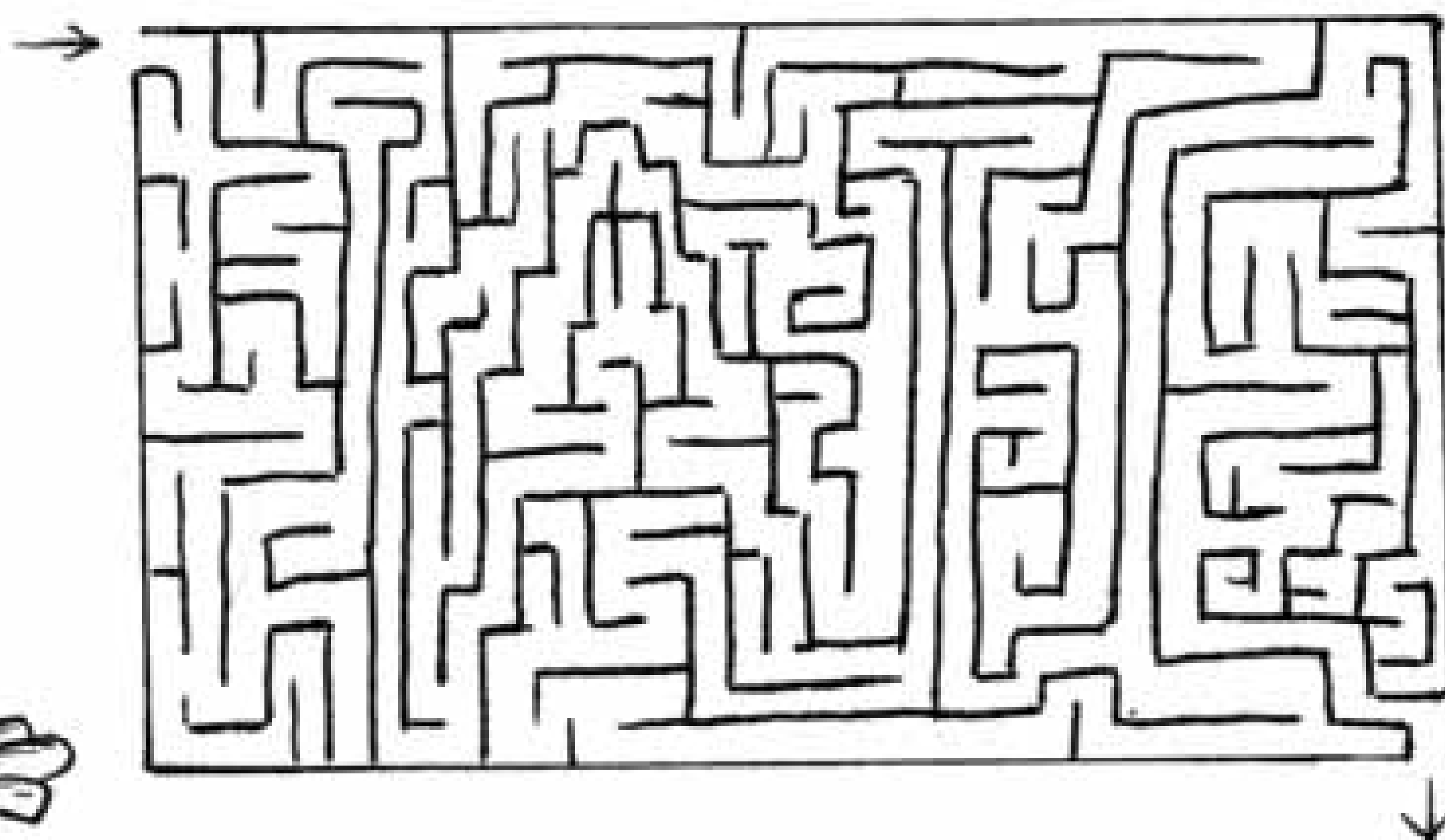
IT'S CALLED "THE APARTMENT". YOU
SEE, IT'S ABOUT A TRAP...



HM... WELL, LOOKS LIKE THERE'S NOT
ENOUGH ROOM ON THIS PAGE. NEXT
TIME, PERHAPS.



UNTIL THEN... ANOTHER PUZZLE.
YES, YES, ROLL THOSE EYES. I DO IT
SOLELY TO ANNOY YOU. ANYWAY!
THIS IS A SIMPLE LITTLE NOTION.
I'M A REAL BIG FAN...
OF THIS PARTICULAR EMOTION...





I GUESS YA'D SAY THE CONCLUSION WAS PRETTY INEVITABLE.



AWW, BAMBI, C'MON! YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT!



WATCH ME!



SO, YEAH... TOSSED ME RIGHT OUT ON MY ASS. AND YOU KNOW THE WORST PART?



ON HER DAYS OFF, SHE WAS A NUDIST!



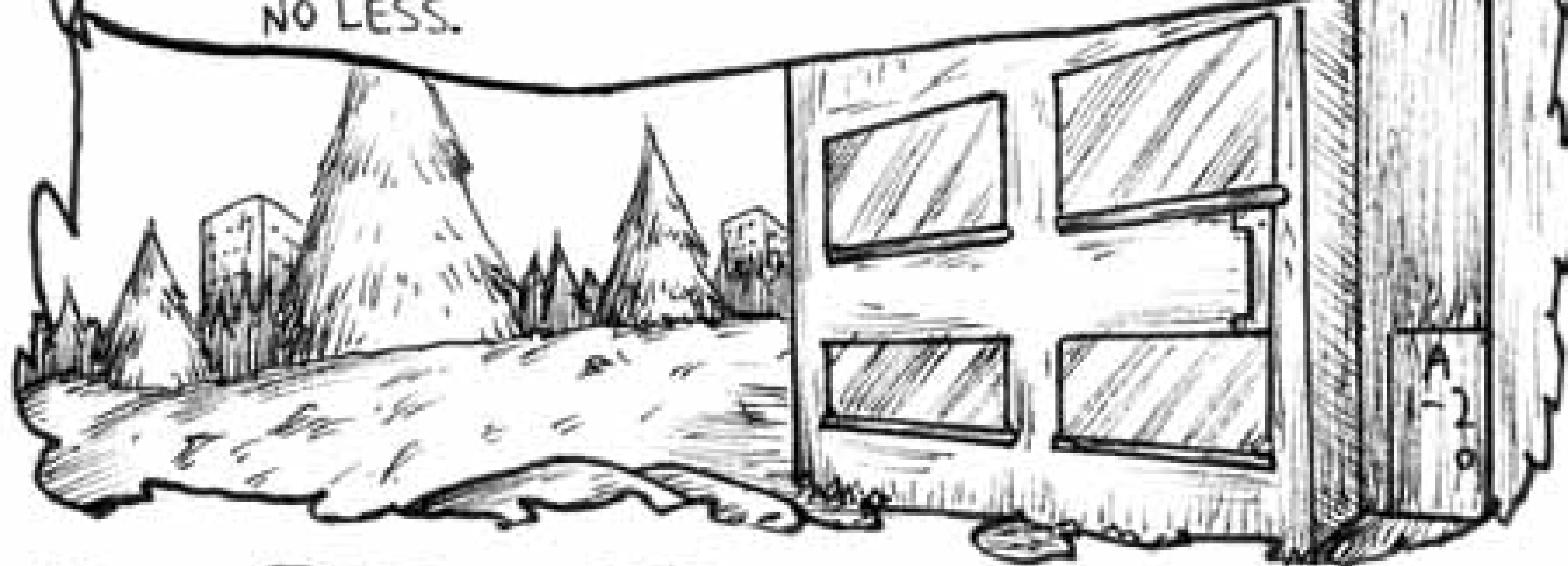
WELL, "SPOT"...



ER... MR. LI. I THINK MAYBE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER OUT.



YOU SEE, MR. LI, I OWN A GREAT NUMBER OF NEWLY-DEVELOPED APARTMENTS. APARTMENTS I INTEND TO RENT OUT, NO LESS.



THE BACKYARD IS A LARGE GREEN FIELD, IDEAL FOR KIDS TO PLAY IN...



NICE...



THE TELEVISION GETS 300 CHANNELS. I UNDERSTAND YOU LIKE TO ORDER IN MOVIES ON OCCASION... THERE'S A PHONE FOR THAT. NINE VIDEO GAME SYSTEMS IN THE CABINET AND YOU WILL FIND A WEALTH OF GAMES ON THE SHELF. IF YOU DON'T HAVE ONE YOU'D LIKE, ASK FOR IT AND I'LL SEE ITS DELIVERED.



THE FRIDGE IS STOCKED. IF YOU WANT ANYTHING SPECIAL, RING THE FRONT DESK. ANYTHING ELSE, LET ME KNOW. THE IDEA IS THAT YOU WILL BE SO WELL CARED-FOR THAT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE THIS APARTMENT AGAIN.



SO WHAT'S MY PART
IN ALL THIS?



MR. LI, MY APARTMENTS
ARE NEW AND WITH THE TYPE
OF SERVICE WE OFFER, YOU
CAN IMAGINE IT ISN'T CHEAP.



IT HELPS TO HAVE
SOMEONE HERE POTENTIAL
TENANTS CAN TALK TO AND
SAY "YES, ITS FANTASTIC
LIVING HERE! WELL-WORTH EVERY
PENNY" EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE
HERE FREE.



I SUPPOSE I
COULD BE HAPPY
HERE...



GOOD TO HEAR.



NOW, LET'S DISCUSS
THE CONTRACT, SHALL
WE, SPOT?



HUH?

JUST YOUR
STANDARD 500
PAGE DOCUMENT
FOR BATHROOM
READING.



I REALLY HAVE TO
READ ALL THIS?
ITS HUGE!



WELL, ITS WRITTEN IN LEGALESE.
YOU KNOW, THREE PAGES TO SAY
"SEE SPOT RUN". SO I GUESS YOU
CAN JUST SKIM.



LOOK, ITS JUST THE NORMAL BS.
TAKE CARE OF THE PLACE, CLEAN IT,
NO WILD PARTIES, EAT YOUR GREENS
YOU KNOW.



HEH. WHERE
DO I--

HERE, HERE
AND HERE



THREE
TIMES, HUH?
SHEESH.



JUST HELPS
OUR LEGAL STAFF
SLEEP BETTER
AT NIGHT.



YOU KNOW, I PAY THEM
ENOUGH THAT THEIR
DUTIES CAN EXTEND BEYOND
JUST CLEANING AND
LOOKING CUTE

WHAT
DO
YOU
MEAN?

YOU'LL SEE. OH!
THERE THEY ARE NOW.

OH, GIRLS? BRING YOUR
PRETTY LITTLE BEHINDS IN
HERE. MR. LI NEEDS MORE
THAN JUST HIS APARTMENT
CLEANED.

HELLO,
EVAN...

CAN I
SIT ON YOUR
LAP?

NOW SEEMS LIKE
AN IDEAL PLACE
FOR A PAUSE, DON'T
YOU THINK?

OH, YOU'RE NOT MISSING MUCH.
JUST GOBS AND GOBS OF
GRATUITOUS SEX...



YOU SHOULD NEVER BE AFRAID
OF A LITTLE GRATUITOUS EDITING,
MY DEARS. AN ARM HERE, A LEG
THERE... HMPH, FINDING A PEN THAT
WORKS, HOWEVER, IS A DIFFERENT
BUSINESS ENTIRELY.



ONE OF
THE FAULTS
OF THE MODERN
WRITER IS THE INABILITY TO TAKE
CRITICISM OR CONSIDER SUGGESTIONS
YOU KNOW, THIS AUTHOR HAD THOSE
SAME FATAL FLAWS...



AT LEAST UNTIL HE
BECAME TOO MUCH
OF A POMPOUS ASS
TO CARE. **HA!**
LET'S MOVE ON.

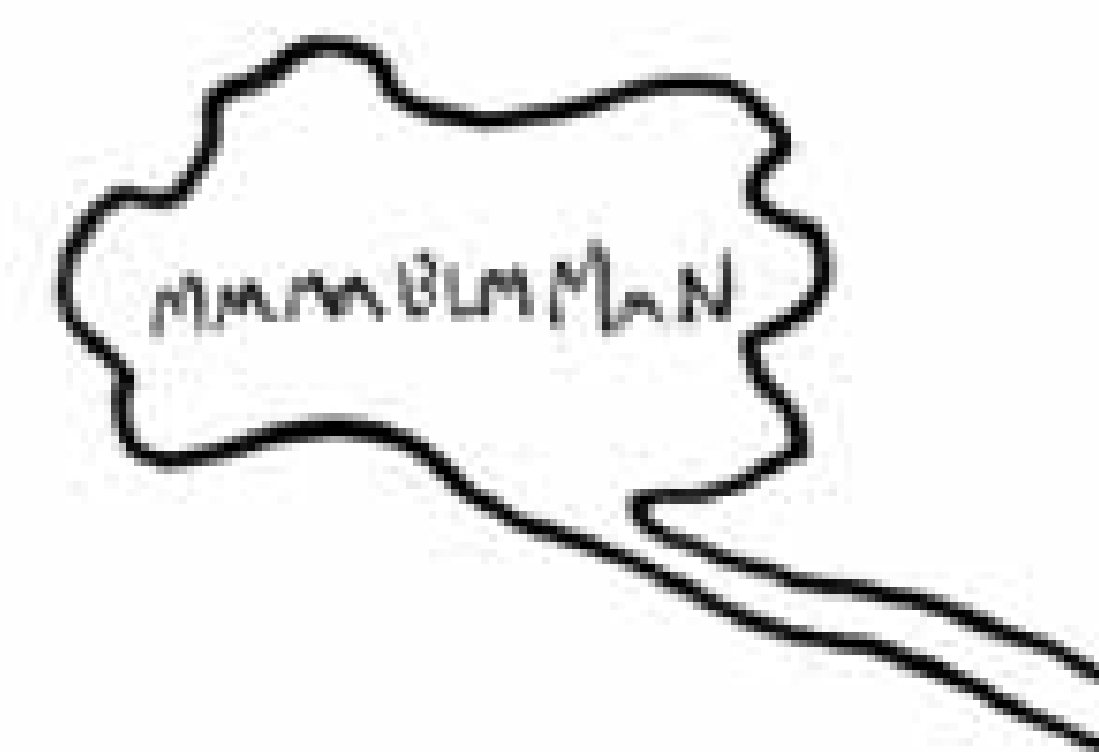


BY THE WAY...THERE
WAS A HIDDEN PICTURE ON
THIS PAGE... FIND IT?





CLICK





HEY! LONG TIME NO SEE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

THREE GUESSES. CAN I COME IN?

SURE, SURE. WOW, YOU LOOK GREAT...

DID YOU GET SOME CONTACTS?

THEY MADE YOU LOOK CUTE, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.

OH...YES. WHY? YOU PREFERRED GLASSES?

...BUT YOU LIKED THEM...

SO? THEY'RE JUST GLASSES. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ME.

OH, EVAN...

...I'VE MISSED YOU.

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO
LEAVE YOU, EVAN...

I QUIT MY JOB
SO THAT I COULD
LOOK FOR YOU...

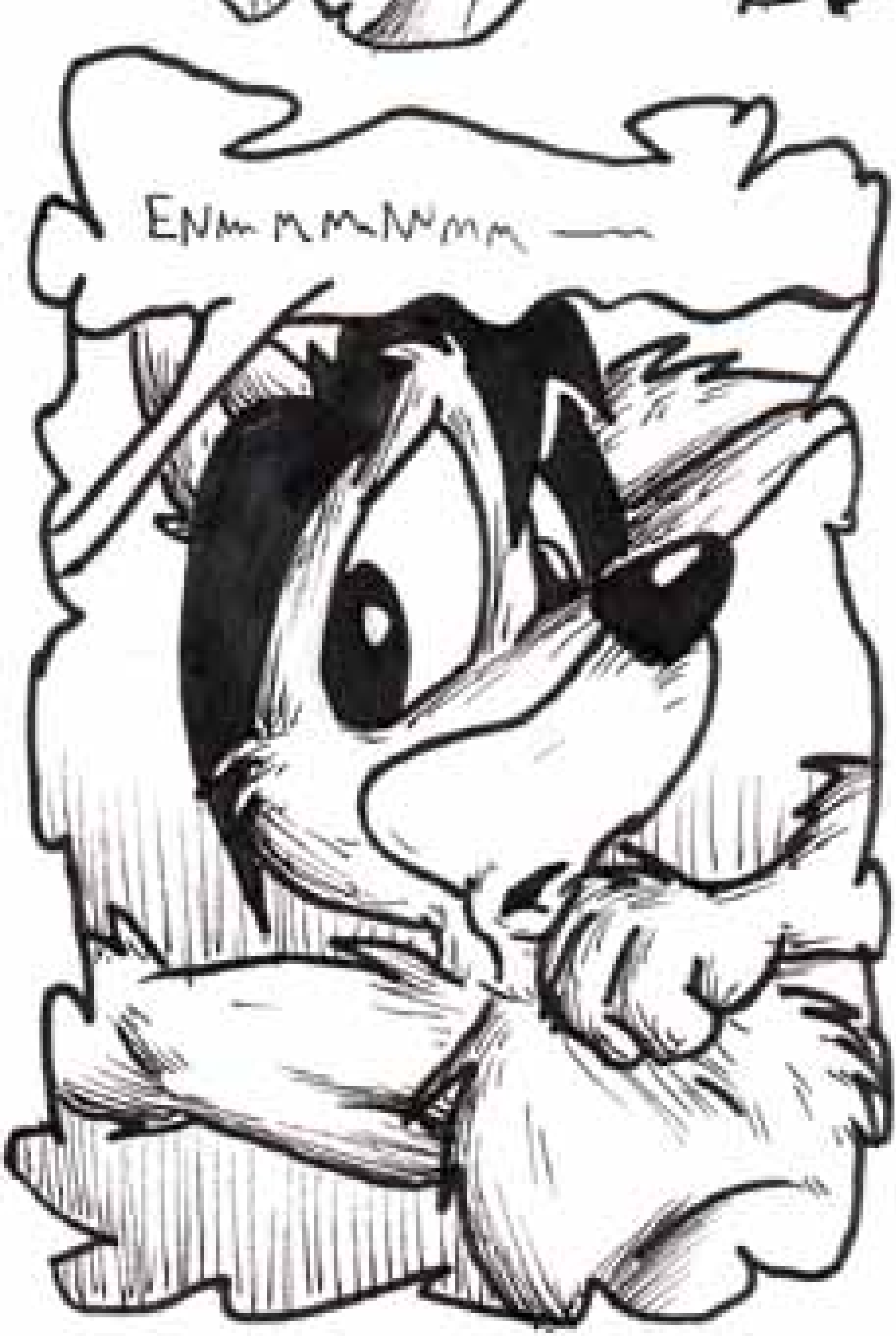
BUT... BAMB... YOU
LOVED YOUR JOB...


I KNOW...

OH, EVAN, CAN'T YOU
SEE? I'M RISKING ALL
THAT I AM ON THE HOPE
THAT YOU'LL HAVE ME
BACK...

WELL... AS LONG AS WE'RE
APOLOGIZING FOR STUPID STUFF,
I TREATED YOU PRETTY BADLY.
I PROMISE I'LL DO BETTER
THIS TIME,

THEN YOU WILL TAKE
ME BACK!





WHERE ARE YOU GOING, EVAN...?

EH... THERE'S SOME WEIRD NOISES NEXT DOOR. I THINK I'M GONNA GO CHECK IT OUT.

MAKE SURE THINGS ARE OKAY AND ALL THAT.

EVAN...COME BACK TO BED.

IT'LL JUST BE A SECOND, BAMB. I'M COMING RIGHT BACK.

EVAN....!

PLEASE... DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR.







THERE'S GOT TO BE! THIS APARTMENT
GIVES ME EVERYTHING I WANT, RIGHT?
I WANT A SLEDGEHAMMER! GIMME A
SLEDGEHAMMER!!



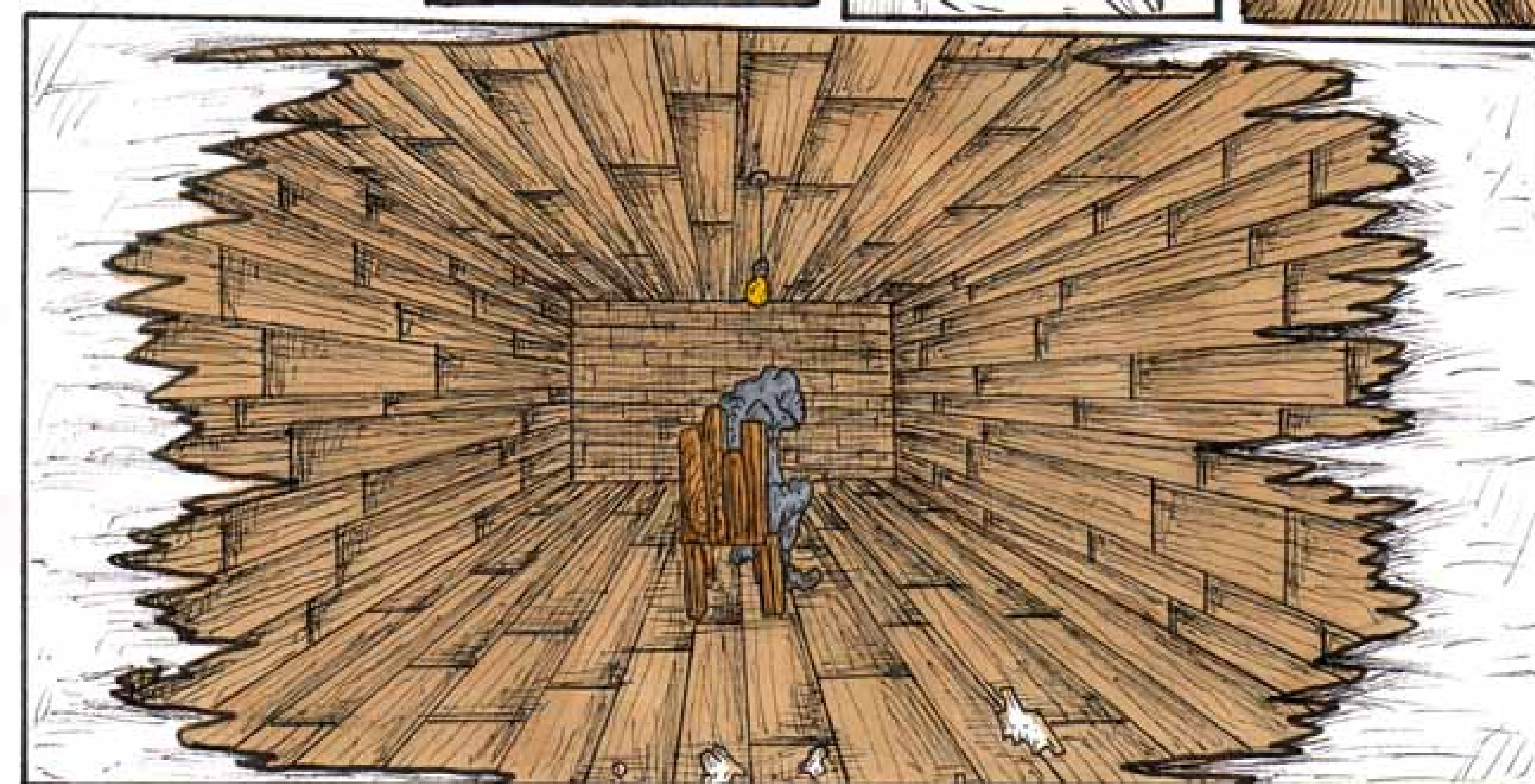
GOT ONE RIGHT HERE,
FUZZYBUNS! BUT IT'LL
COST YOU A KISS...



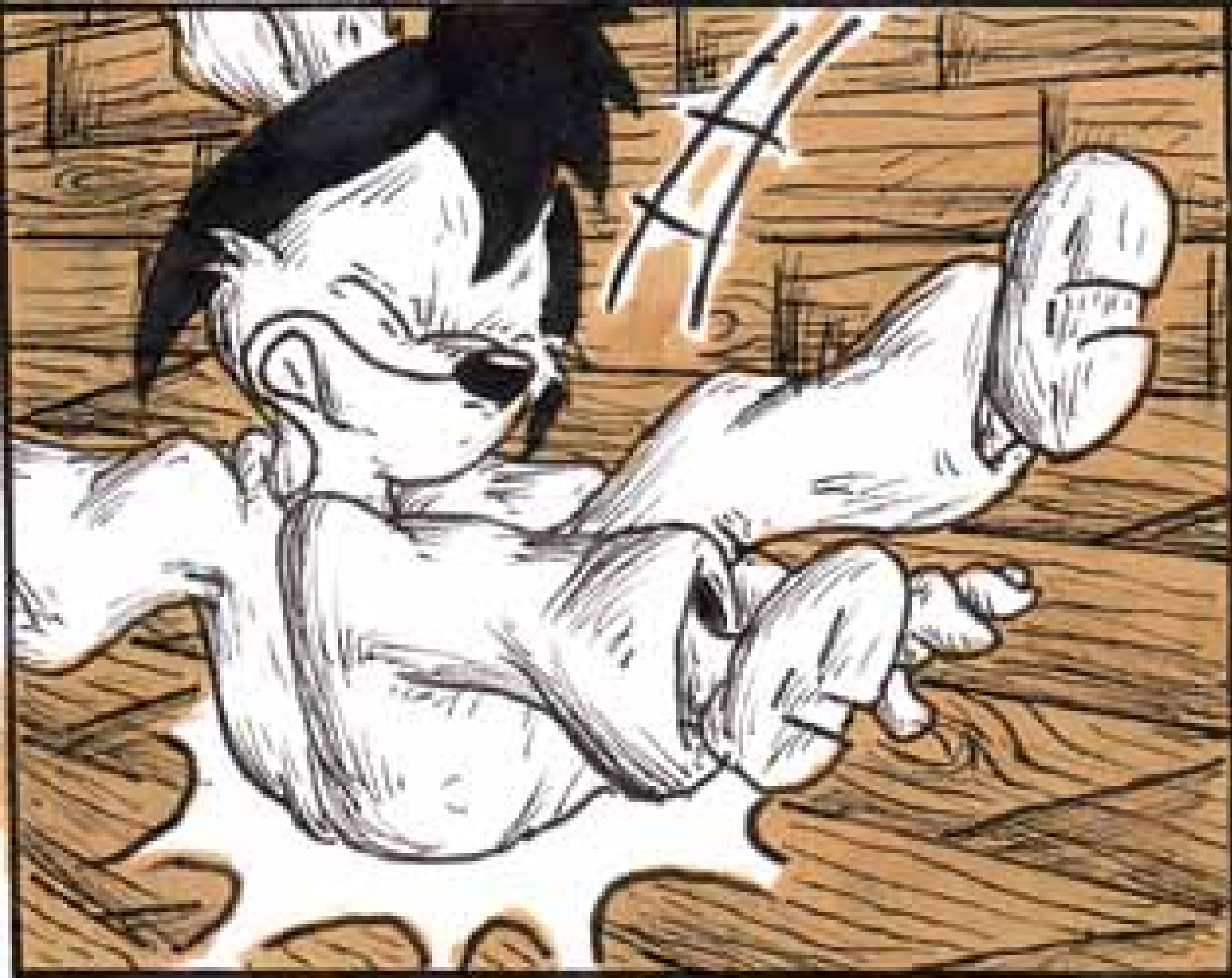
PHOOEY...

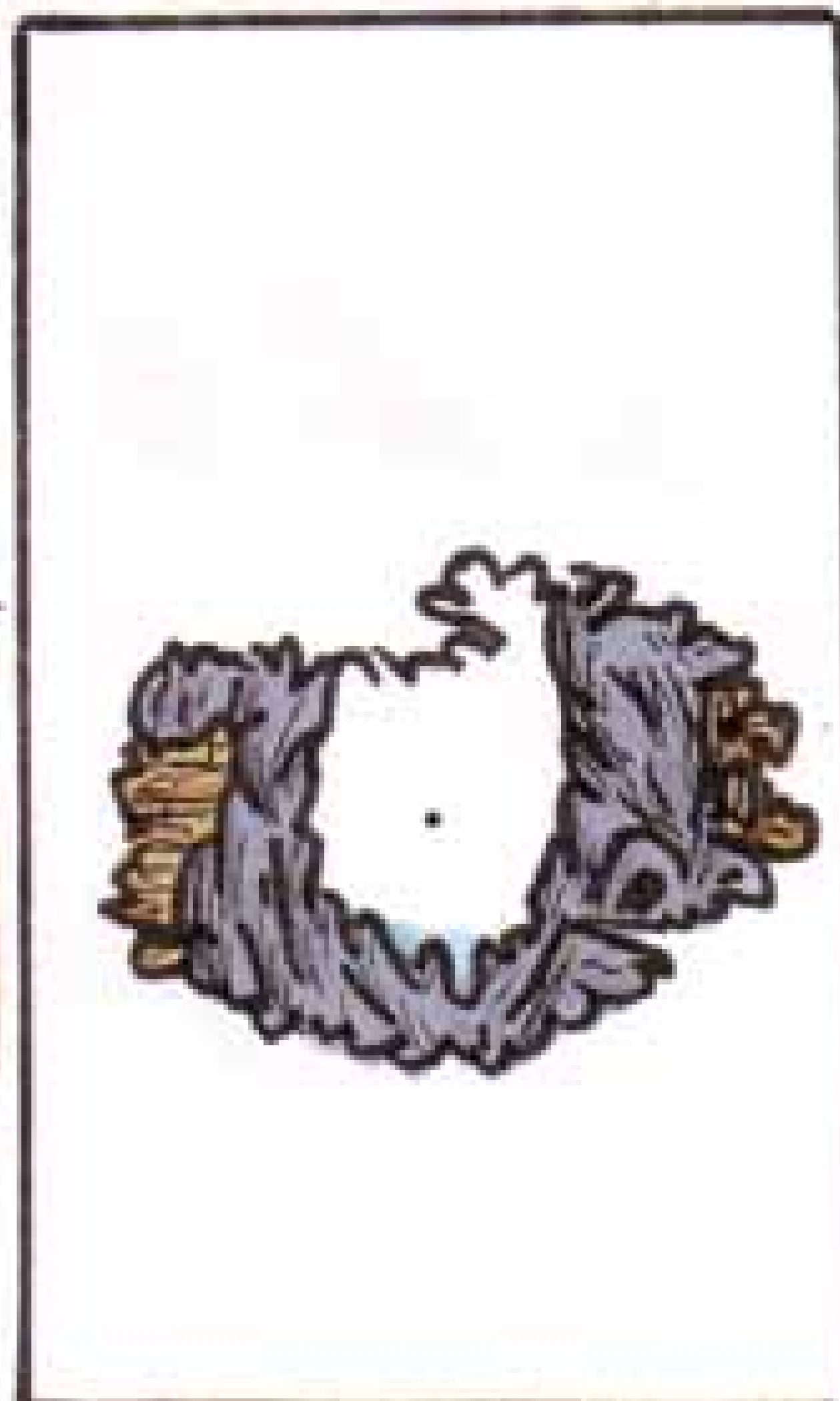
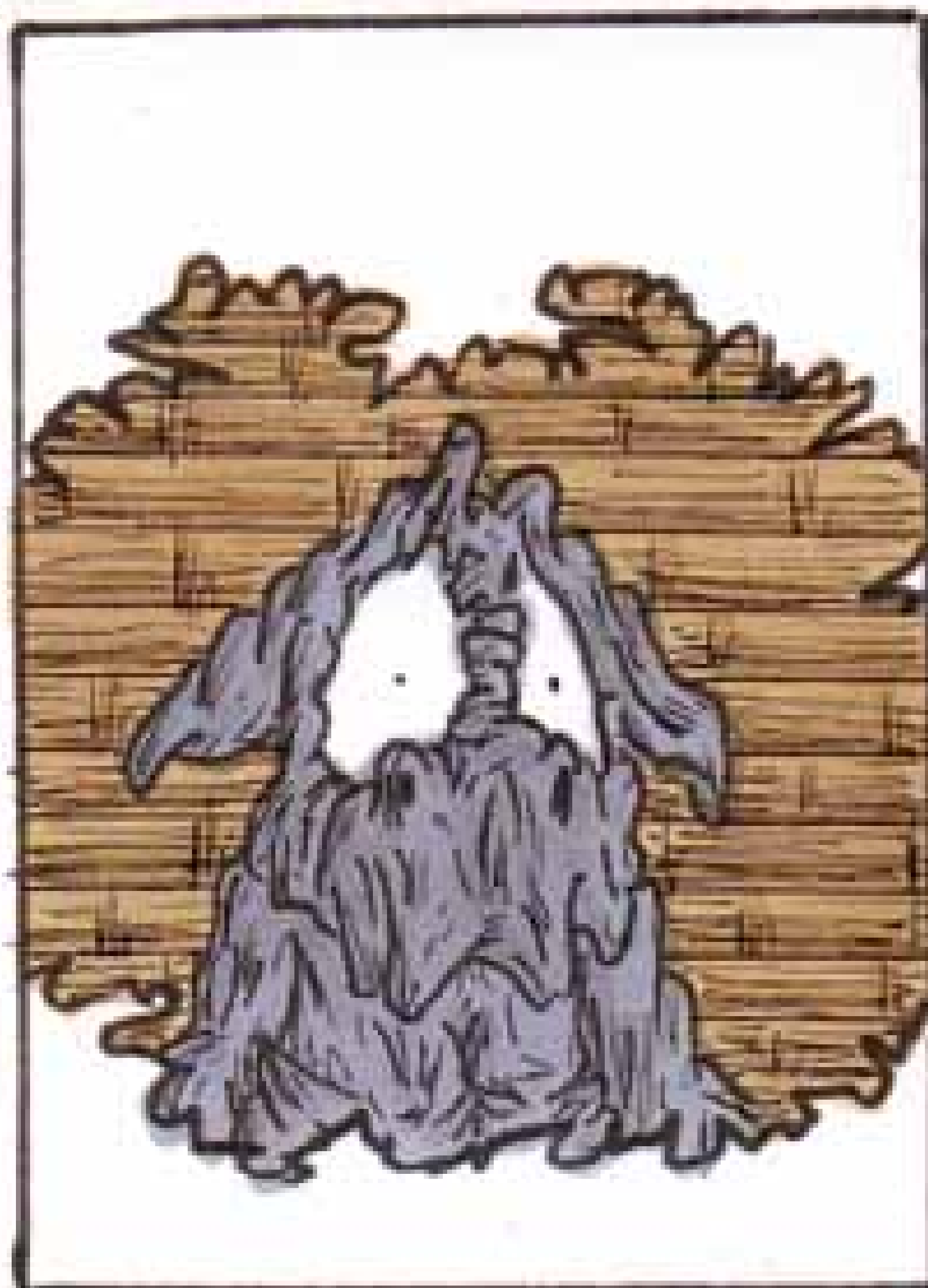
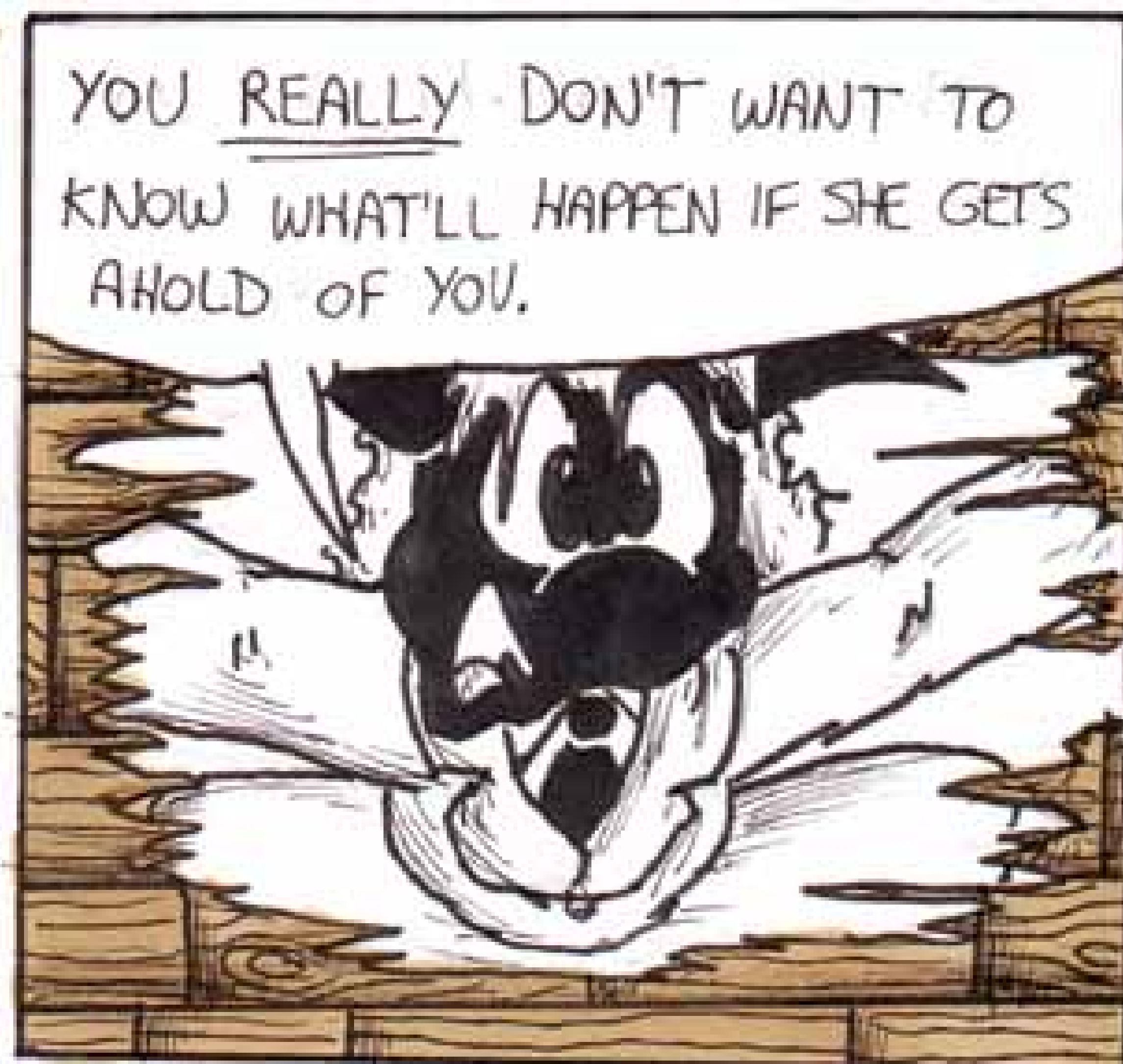


I KEEP HEARING THOSE
NOISES THROUGH THE WALL...
IT MUST BE A WAY
OUT!









HELLO AGAIN. OH, NO
RIDDLE TODAY, I'M AFRAID.
JUST WANTED TO SAY...



BOOYAH! PAGE 1,000
IS MINE!! HA HA
HA!



YES, SEEMS THE CREATOR OF
THIS PIECE OF TRIFE YOU ALL
READ HAS ACTUALLY CHURNED OUT
TEN HUNDRED PAGES. LET'S GIVE HIM
A HAND, WHEE... WHOOP-DE-DOO.



TO CELEBRATE, I HAVE
SUMMONED THE DEMON OF
LONELINESS AND SHAME TO
ENTERTAIN YOU.



SO DANCE FOR THEM,
FATSO! LET'S SEE
WHAT GORGANZOLA
CAN DO!



OH! OH, OKAY!



AHEM *COUGH*
ERR



FELLAS, I'M READY TO
GET ON UP AND DO
MY THANG!



YEAH!



I WANNA GET
INTO IT! YOU
KNOW, MOVIN'
SHAKIN'...



YEAH!



LIKA LIKA
SEX MACHINE



YEAH!



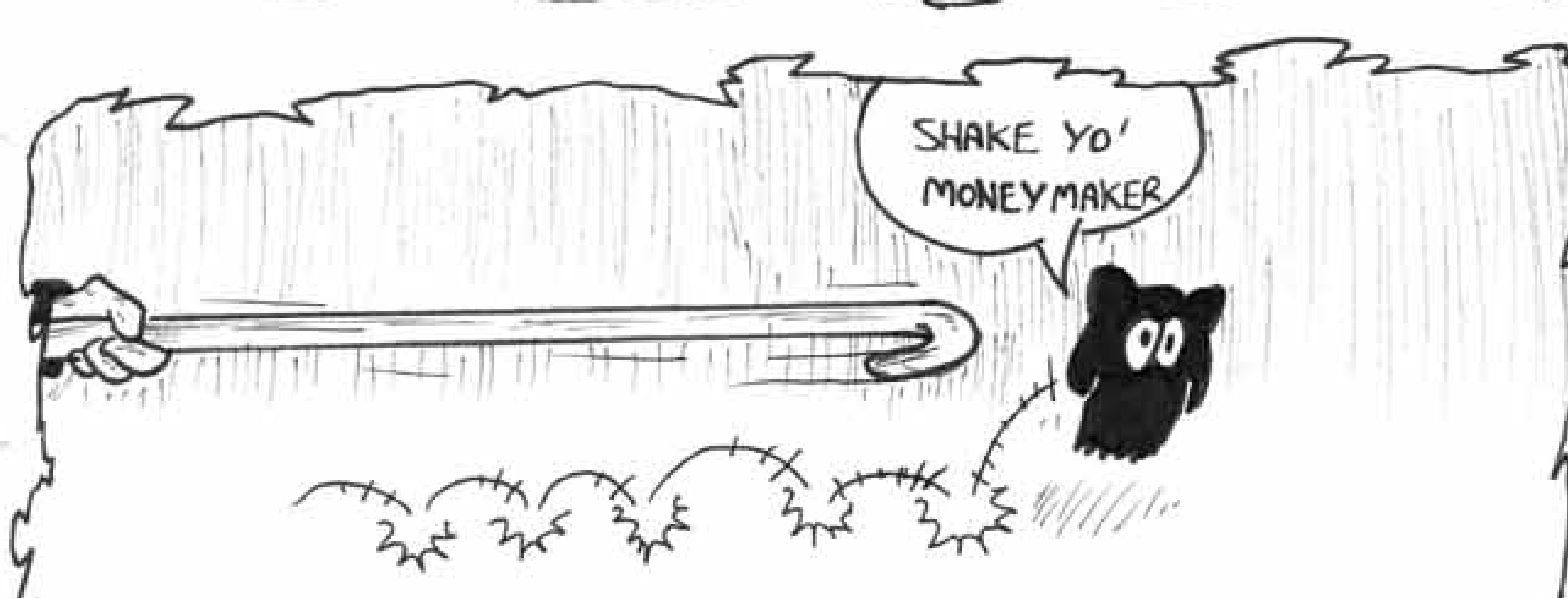
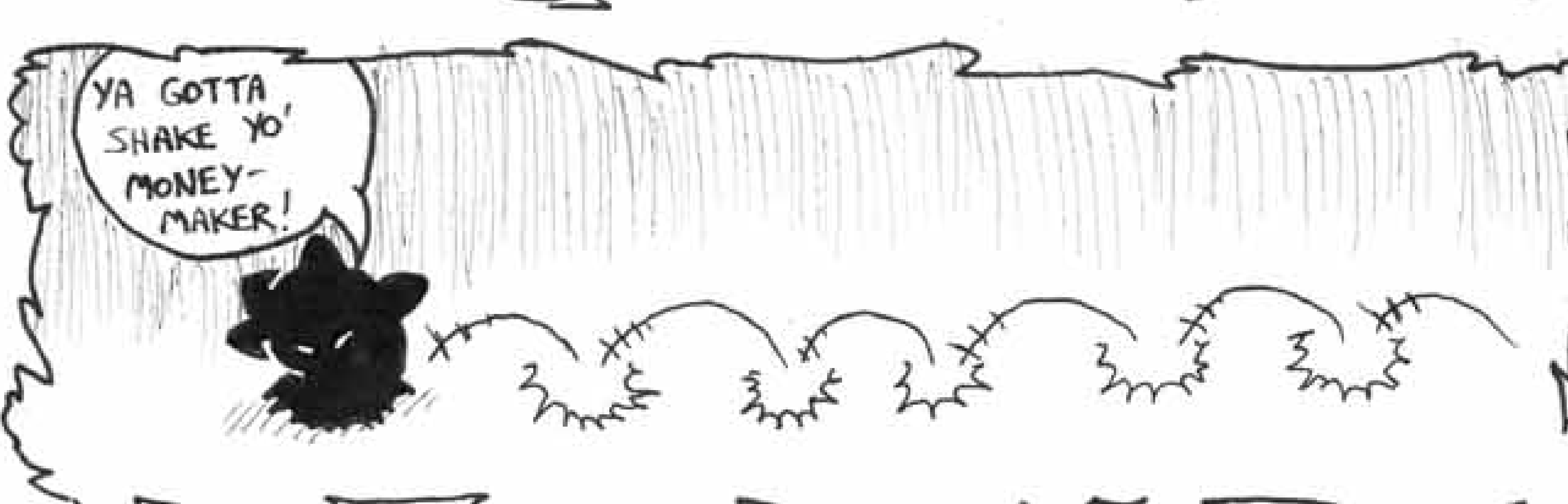
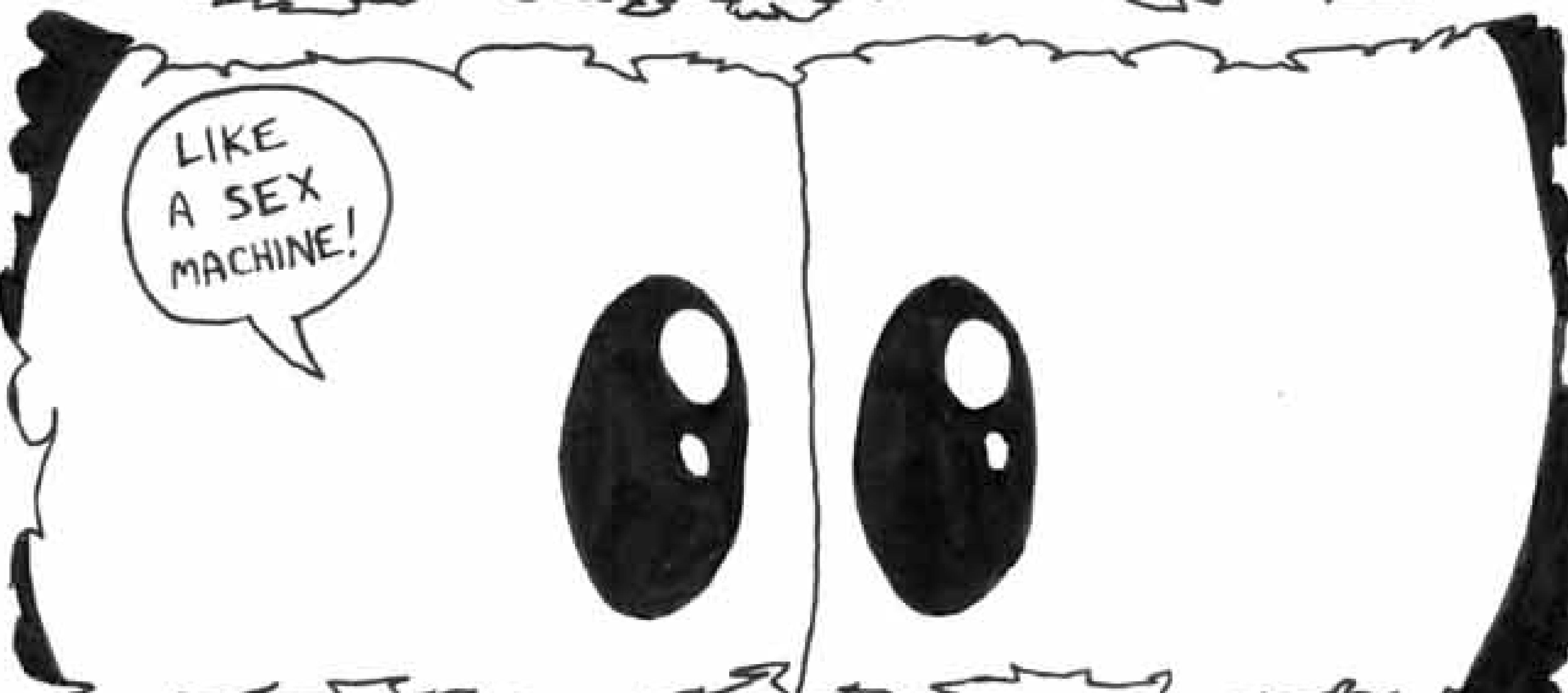
VM
CAN I COUNT
IT OFF?

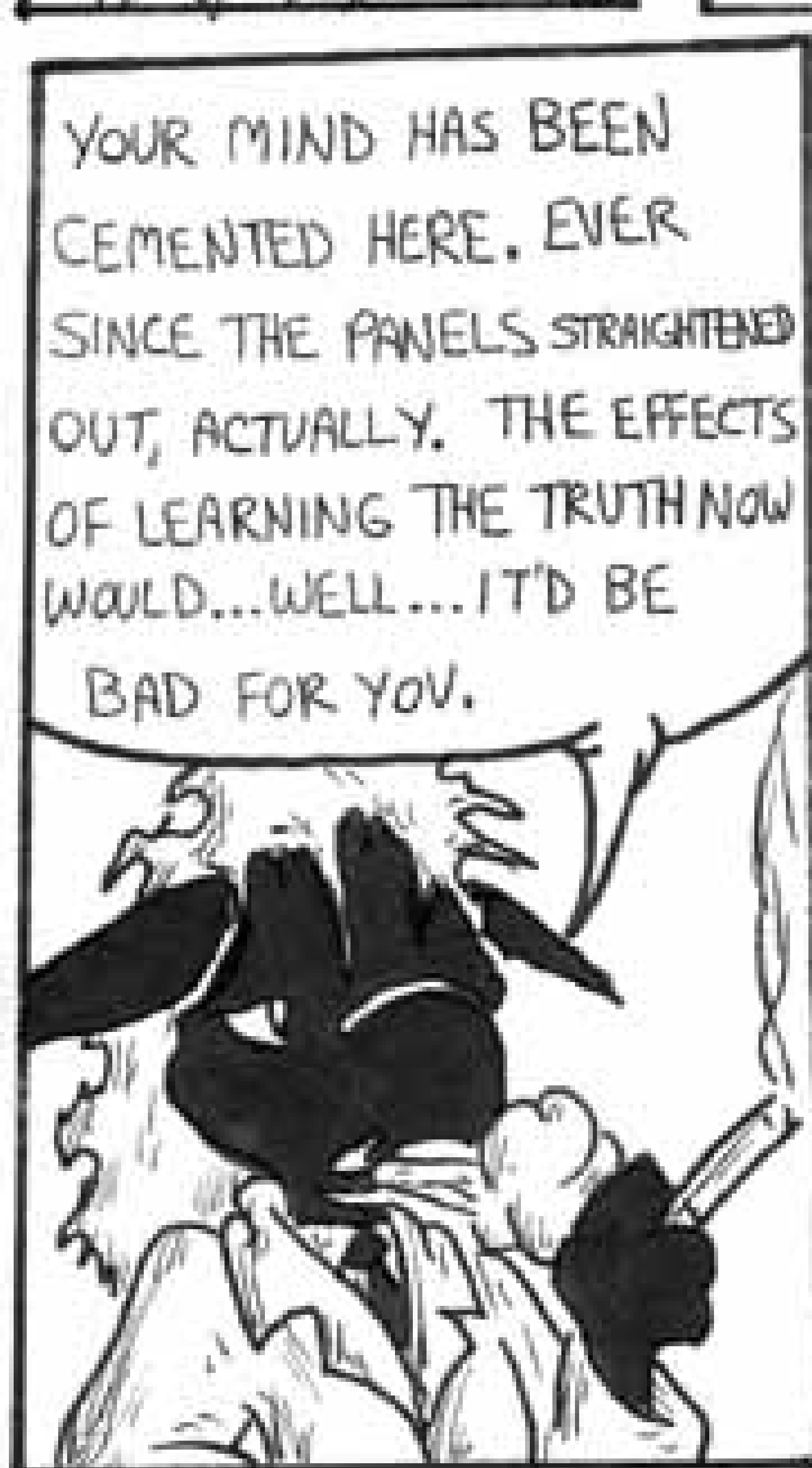


YEAH!



OH, OKAY...
A-ONE TWO THREE





EVAN?
BEFORE YOU
OPEN THAT...



THINGS WILL CHANGE.
JUST LIKE WHEN DOROTHY
STEPPED OUT HER FRONT
DOOR INTO OZ.



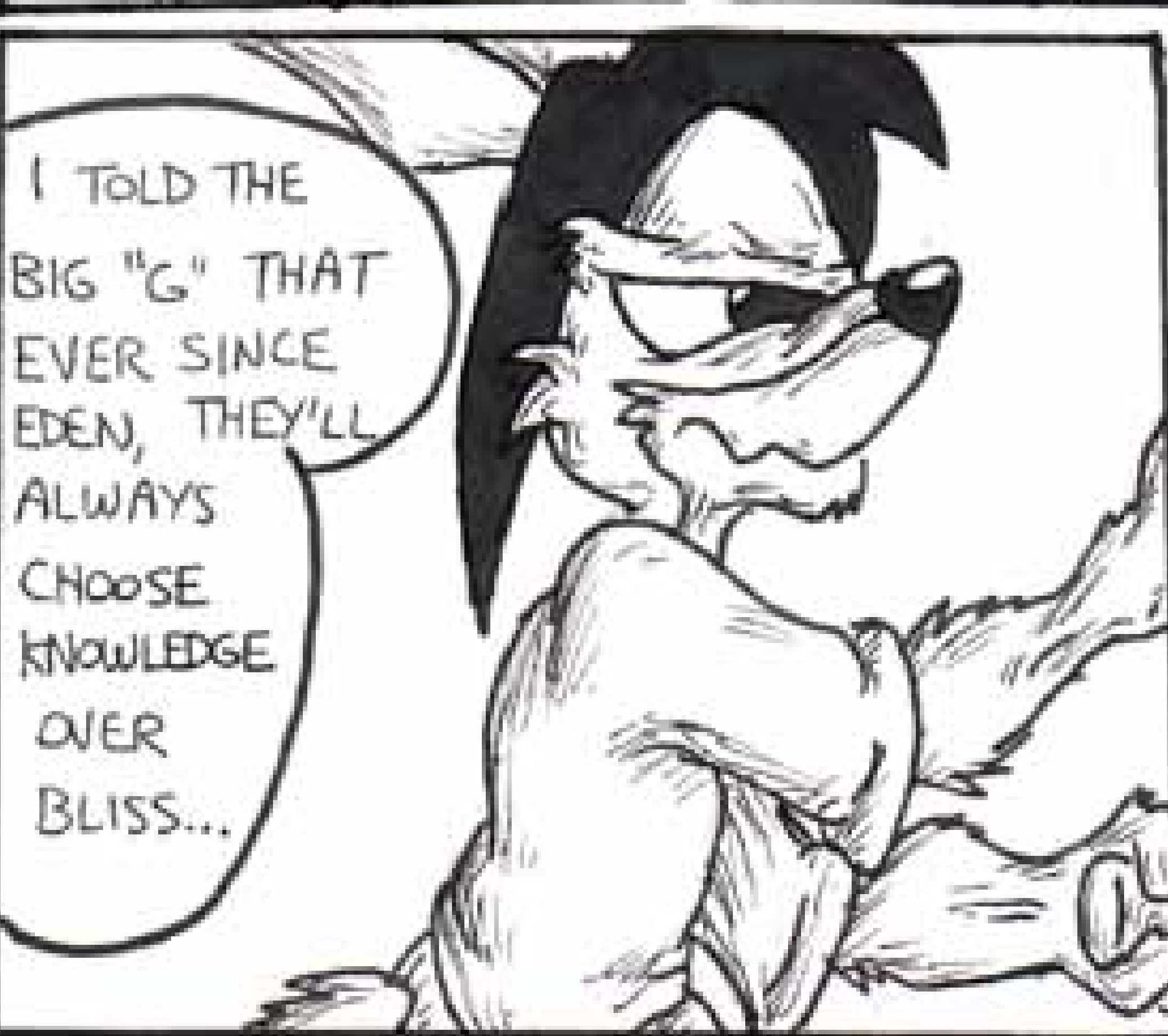
THE TRUTH WILL ALTER YOU
AND YOUR MIND WILL NO LONGER
ACCEPT THE APARTMENT'S GIFTS.
YOUR PERFECT WORLD WILL BE
GONE.



NO MORE SECURITY, NO MORE
STRINGS-FREE FRIVOLOUS
PLEASURES, NO MORE BAMBI.
THE COLORS WILL CHANGE, EVAN,
AND YOU WON'T LIKE IT.



I TOLD THE
BIG "G" THAT
EVER SINCE
EDEN, THEY'LL
ALWAYS
CHOOSE
KNOWLEDGE
OVER
BLISS...



AND THEY
WILL NEVER
LEARN.



OOPS! LEGS AREN'T VERY STRONG NOW, HMM?

TOLD YOU THAT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT, EVAN.

NN MGNNNN!

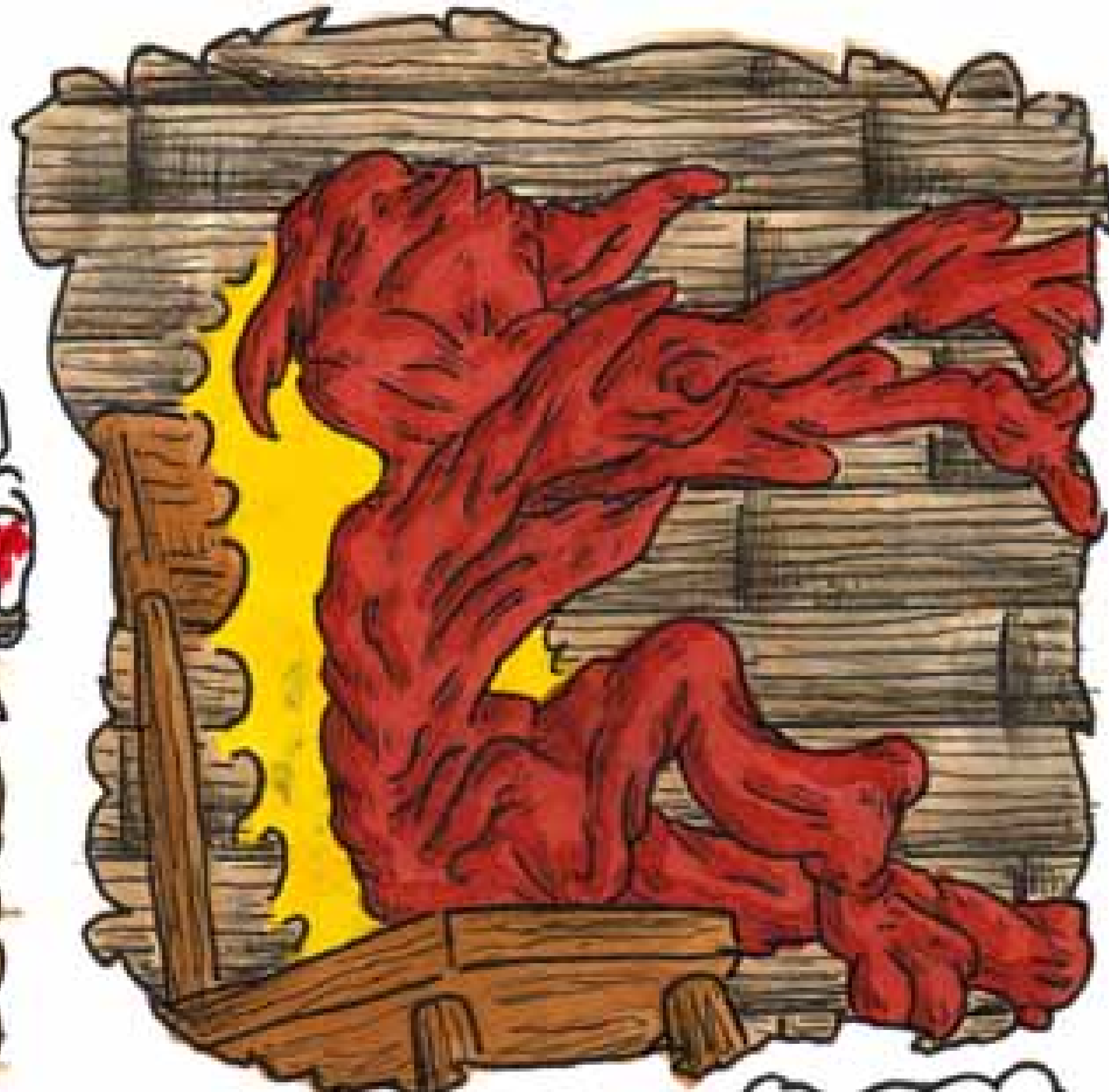
AS YOUR GENERATION SAYS, 'REALITY BITES'.

AS PER YOUR CONTRACT, LINE FOUR PAGE FIFTY-THREE 'SHOULD THE SIGNER REQUEST THAT REALITY BE RESTORED, IT SHALL BE DONE POSTE-HASTE.'

YOU GOT IT, KIDDO

NMMNNLNN!







IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, EVAN. HELL HASN'T DAMNED YOU HERE...HELL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE HERE. YOUR ENERGY, THOUGH, WAS NOT BEING USED AND NOW IT IS BEING HARVESTED ALONG WITH THE 'OTHERS' IN HOPES IT WILL ONE DAY MAKE VANITY BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.



AND MINE...



DON'T GIVE ME THOSE DOE EYES, NOW, SPOT. WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES AND RUSH IN FROM TIME TO TIME. EVEN ME.



"COME ON, EVERYONE! MR. STAR IS RIGHT! IF WE ALL WORK TOGETHER, SURE, WE CAN TAKE HIM!"



HE'S ONLY GOD!!"



WELL, MISTER LI...



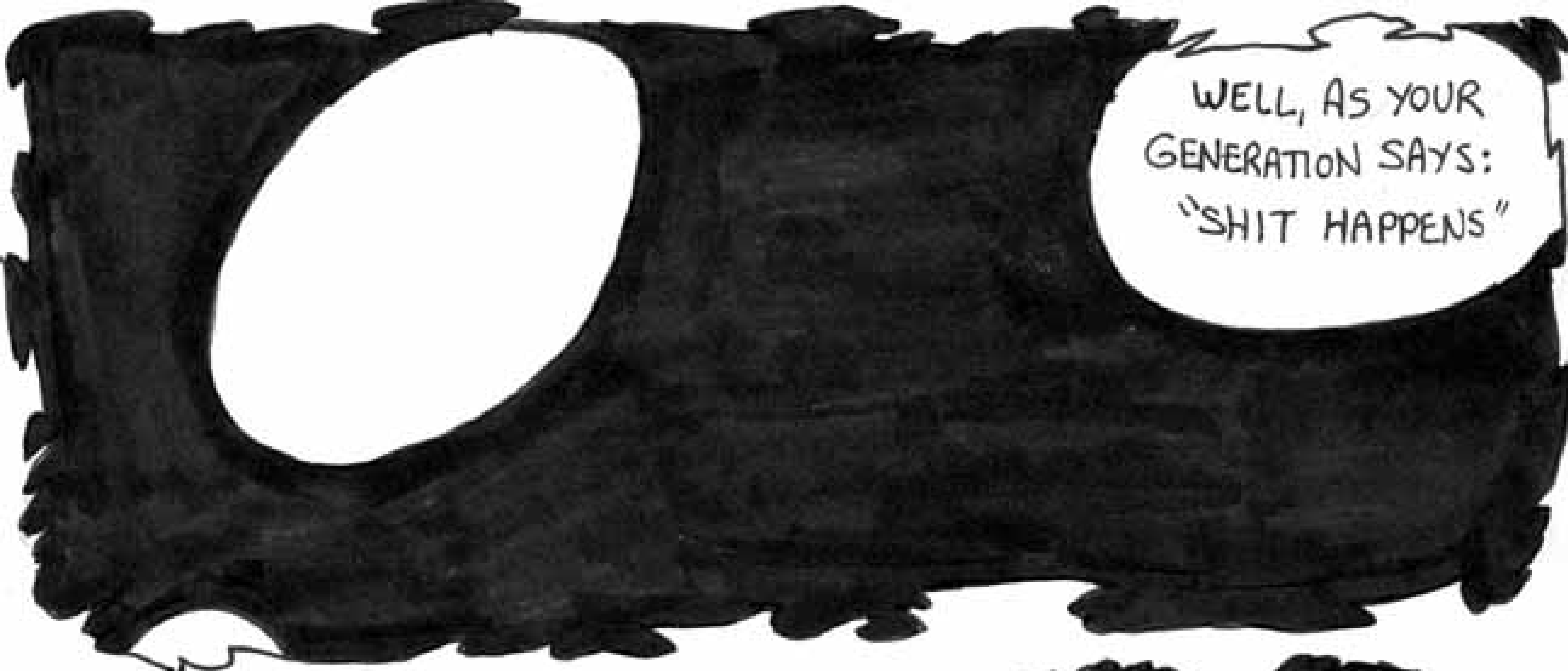
...GOODBYE.




FOREVER.








WELL, AS YOUR
GENERATION SAYS:
"SHIT HAPPENS"



AND, NO, I
DON'T KNOW THIS
KEY-YAN-OO REEVES
OR MISTER ANDERSON
YOU KEEP ASKING
ABOUT

SO
SHUT UP




"MAGIC GLASS
WINDOW", FIEH!
HEHE...

IT'S A
MONITOR,
RIGHT?


AND YOU SUMMON
ME VIA AN INCANTATION
CALLED "WORLD WIDE
WEB".

YOU SEE, I FOUND
AN EYE-OPENING BOOK
IN MY LIBRARY BY A MAN
CALLING HIMSELF "INTERNATION
AL BUSINESS MACHINES".




FOUND ANOTHER
BOOK BY A
GUY NAMED
APPLE


BUT MORE ON
THEM LATER.



I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T
HAVE TOLD YOU THAT LAST
STORY...



SINS DON'T
LIKE HAVING THEIR
SECRETS BROUGHT
TO LIGHT.



I HAD ANOTHER STORY
I WANTED TO SHARE, BUT IT
SEEMS, ALAS, ...

... I'M GOING
TO MISS WASTING
YOUR TIME



I CAN SEE
YOU RIGHT NOW... HOW
YOU STARE. HAS ANYONE
TOLD YOU HOW SMALL
YOUR EYES ARE?
LIKE TINY PIN
PRICKS

...HOW LONG YOU THINK
WE CAN HOLD THIS
PAN-OUT?

